

Don't Call Me A Hero

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Don't Call Me A Hero

by [Nrem511](#)

Summary

Peter Parker is homeless. He's lost everything including his powers.

Wade Wilson rescues Peter and helps him come to terms with the awful traumas he has suffered.

Ultimately this is a love story

Please check out my [twitter](#)

Come and say "Hi".

Thank you

Notes

This story was tricky to write as there is a sexual assault that takes place and mentions of sexual abuse and violence.

There are a couple of murders which depict gory violence and one has sexual elements in the violence (M) by way of revenge.

It was necessary to write the violence in a certain way so that there was also an element of humor appropriate to Deadpool's personality.

None of the sexual violence is between Peter and Wade.

It's an angsty, heartfelt story, but also sweet, fluffy and funny with a healthy dose of smut.

So a real mixture. I hope I've been clear enough with the tags as I must stress that a lot of these elements are present throughout the story through flashbacks and dreams.

Thank you for reading.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Homeless Peter gets hurt and Wade finds him.

Chapter Notes

Trigger alert: Depictions of violence and mentions of sexual abuse.

It was cold in the city.

Peter had felt the first flutter of light snow that afternoon as he had made his way to the local food kitchen. He knew it was always warm and welcoming there and he usually managed to hang out for a good hour before having to make way for other people to sit and eat. It wasn't just a place for him to get some food but also where he could catch up with others he had met over the past months. It made him feel less alone with his predicament.

Sometimes there were people from the neighbourhood hostels and he could get a bed for the night, but increasingly he would then spot a younger person more in need of that one night of security than himself. He opted for his own solution, a disused lock up facility he had broken into after staking the place out for a week to make sure nobody else was using it. It was dry and pretty secluded. He secured the opening where he got inside with a large piece of corrugated iron he found discarded beside some trash.

So far he had been lucky nobody had discovered it. He had managed to get a sleeping bag and some warmer clothes from one of the homeless charities that came round with a bus every so often. While they always tried to convert him to whichever beliefs they followed he always remained polite and listened. He knew it meant at the end of the religious monologue there would be the gifts he so desperately needed.

Peter was very wary of individuals offering 'help' as unfortunately he knew from experience they often had malicious predatory intentions. He had witnessed too many occasions where a lone guy had shown up and talked the more vulnerable younger kids into going home with him with the promise of a bed and food and clean clothes.

"I will take care of you, don't worry, I used to be in your shoes, I just want to give something back by helping others." That was usually their bullshit.

At first Peter had tried to warn them not to go with these kind of men, but mostly he had been met with them either telling him to mind his own damned business or them just exclaiming "Hey I'm cold and hungry and what are you going to do to help me?!" so he retreated and watched those situations unfold. He would encounter the same kids days or a week later, often in a state with visible bruising on their faces and sometimes broken limbs and in some awful cases they just didn't come back and then word would get round that a body had been found, often showing signs of extreme abuse. Peter's blood ran cold as he was reminded that he could have just as easily ended up

as one of those bodies.

It wasn't always men who approached them, sometimes it was women. He knew of at least 2 guys who now lived in apartments in Midtown Manhattan being funded by wealthy women who used them as their play thing. Similarly a few guys and girls had hooked up with so-called sugar daddies and were basically being kept as sexual trophies. Some would argue these had been the lucky ones, but not really, because who wanted to be kept like a pet, except you were lower than a pet as you were expected to sexually perform and your life was owned by these bored rich idiots. Add onto that the fact that you would always be dispensable, because after a while there would always be somebody more needy, younger and willing than you. It was all about control for those people, they didn't care a jot about the young lives they were playing with.

Others had ended up falling into prostitution out of desperation and there were no fancy apartments or designer outfits for them, just a rough dirty act behind a dumpster for a quick ten bucks. Sometimes it would involve a visit to a sleazy backstreet hotel where for thirty dollars they would be expected to participate in all manner of depravity, sometimes not even getting the money just a black eye and enough bad dreams to last them a lifetime.

Peter decided early on that no matter how bad things got he wouldn't go down that path. He had been tripped up badly once and he had been hyper-vigilant ever since. No he would rather starve than allow some disgusting sleazebag to use him like that.

Peter would see damaged and lost souls every single day and it caused him indescribable pain in his heart. He was useless to them, all he could do was offer a few supportive words and some kind of friendship to try and look out for each other on the streets. It was a way to feel less lonely. Some of the others sought comfort with one another and found places to doss down together, but Peter chose to be alone, he simply didn't trust anybody. Desperate people do desperate things and he had his own disturbing memories to deal with without having to take on someone else's. He shook his head, not wanting the bad thoughts to enter his mind. He had to stay focussed in this weather, it was better to keep moving in order to keep warm.

He knew of another soup kitchen a few blocks away where he'd not been for a few days which stayed open late. He picked up his pace as the evening was drawing in and with darkness came not just more extreme cold but the added danger of being a target out alone on the streets. He had a couple of dollars he had managed to collect after begging down by the subway entrance until he spotted a police car and quickly took off down the street. He would use those later when he needed something warm to drink. He had found some gloves under a bench, clearly dropped there by somebody who had perhaps stopped to talk or had been waiting for a friend.

Peter often found items that had been lost and he liked to imagine the story behind them. It offered his mind some form of escapism and relief from his hopeless situation. It also reminded him of a time not that long ago when his life had been so very different. It made him remember how life was when he had felt happy and safe. More importantly it reminded him of when he had felt strong and able, full of purpose and determination.

Those days were gone.

I am no use to anybody now.

~~~~~

The snow had started falling thicker by the time Peter was getting ready to leave the soup kitchen. He had a warm full feeling from the food. He had talked to the nice young woman who helped out there, she was cheerful and generous always making time to listen. With her blonde hair and warm

laugh she reminded him of someone he used to be close to and it gave him a glowing feeling inside. She had finished her shift and made her goodbyes having to leave to catch her bus. The last thing her friend had shouted over was "Be careful, message me when you're on the bus." Peter watched her go, her head covered with a red woolly hat, snowflakes already settling on top of it and the shoulders of her black coat. He made his way outside and wrapped round the scarf he had found by a bus stop, it was thick and soft, it was a lucky find. He pulled down his black beanie hat and put on his gloves and started walking quickly towards his shelter. He didn't want to hang about in the snow.

As he approached the corner of the block he heard a noise coming from the alleyway just to his left, he looked down into the dimly lit shadows and could see two guys arguing with a third person. He was going to keep walking but then he heard a woman's voice, she was pleading. He looked again and saw she was wearing a red hat and one of the guys had his hand round her throat. It was the young woman from the soup kitchen. He started walking down the alleyway raising his voice as loudly as he could. He knew he was potentially putting himself and the young woman in more danger but he couldn't just walk away and do nothing.

"Hey man nothing to see here, keep on walking yeah!" The second guy approached Peter as he got closer. He could see the woman crying and trying to push the other guy away from her. Peter called over to her. "Don't worry I'm not going anywhere." He glared at the guy in front of him and without stopping to think he pushed into him trying to muster all his strength. The guy lost his footing and slipped back onto the floor and his buddy swung his head round yelling at Peter "What the fuck? Who the hell are you?" With the creep distracted the young woman kicked him hard in his shins and he cried out, letting go of her throat and grabbing his leg. "RUN!" Peter shouted to the woman and she took off, she glanced back at him briefly but he motioned to her to get out of there "Just GO! Keep running!"

Before Peter knew what was happening he felt a sharp pain in his side as his body hit the ground, he knew he was in trouble as he had no strength to fight anybody, let alone two violent thugs who were decidedly pissed off that Peter had interrupted their 'fun'. He yelled out in pain as he felt repeated hard kicks to his body, they lifted him up by his coat and slammed him against the wall punching him on his head and face. They took it in turns to slam their fists into his abdomen over and over. Then they grabbed him and threw him onto the grimy snow covered ground. He felt a kick right into his ribs and more kicks to his back and his head as he rolled over. He felt some of his fingers crack as one of the scumbags stamped on his hand. All the while the two creeps hissed at him "You motherfucking cocksucker you think you can just fuck us over like that?! You must want some real pain you useless fucking piece of shit!" They laughed as Peter lay groaning on the floor, they were right he was completely useless.

The bigger of the two put his hands round Peter's throat and started to choke him. Peter tried to move his arms to push him off, but he had nothing left, slowly feeling his eyes rolling back as he couldn't breathe. He thought in that one moment he was going to die, this was it, this was his end. Kicked to death in a shitty alleyway by two good for nothing assholes. His chest felt compressed and he had no way of escaping anymore, so he just lay there and let it happen. He gave up trying to even think about fighting, the pain was too bad.

Peter faintly heard a hurried voice "Leave it man, somebody's coming, he's not worth going to prison for, let's split." he heard their footsteps run away and then a commotion "What the hell man? What the fuck are you man?"

Then another voice "HEY?! What's the hurry? Don't you want to stay and play? We could have a fiesta mis amores. I could show you my knife throwing skills! AH! Mi corazon esta muerto!"

The last thing Peter remembered was being lifted up by someone, a glimpse of red and black.

The young woman in the hat....she must have got help.

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"Peter?" He could hear his Aunt May's voice outside his bedroom door.

"Hmm?" Peter was only half awake.

"Peter you said you needed to get up early for college today, it's 8 am."

He loved how attentive Aunt May was, she always looked after him, made sure he always had enough to eat and drink and he knew she worried about him being Spider-Man. He tried to reassure her by showing her how strong and agile he was and that he had a healing factor thanks to the spider DNA inside him, but that didn't really set her mind at ease. The truth was that since losing Uncle Ben she had never fully been able to relax and she was getting older and Peter knew she worried about what would happen to him after she was gone. She didn't have a lot of money. Uncle Ben had been smart and taken out some life insurance so she at least had some savings and in a completely selfless gesture she had paid for Peter to go to college. He tried to help out working part time at the local grocery store and selling his photographs freelance to the Daily Bugle. He didn't make much but he felt better for at least trying to contribute. He knew when he had completed his course he could go out and find a better job and repay Aunt May for all that she had done for him.

He got out of bed and made for the bathroom, but he suddenly felt a terrible pain inside his chest and his head was swirling round, he felt like he was falling forwards. He grabbed onto the wall, but his hands met with nothing, the room fell away, he couldn't focus, it all looked out of place.

Peter came to his senses and realised he was sitting in a strange bed in a strange room, he didn't move. He could smell something sweet, like coconut. Slowly he looked down at himself and saw he had a t-shirt and boxers on and his skin was clean and soft, he raised his hand to touch his face but a sharp stabbing pain hit him in his side and he lowered his arm quickly.

Where the hell am I?

He noticed his other hand was bandaged, his fingers had been set with a splint, it looked professionally done. Had he been to the hospital? He could feel pain over his whole body and he carefully lay back down, his head on the soft pillow. He could smell the coconut again, was it his hair?

Suddenly a horrible thought crossed his mind. If he was clean and smelling all nice and bandaged up that meant somebody had taken his clothes off and had bathed him. Some stranger had touched his naked body. He panicked.

What if it's some creep? What if they've touched me? I need to go!

He sat up and tried to move off the bed, he was in a huge amount of pain, every single part of his body was aching so badly, he threw back the duvet and was shocked by the cuts and bruises on his legs. He moved them over the edge of the bed, wincing with the pain. He went to stand but his legs gave way underneath him and he landed with a thud on the floor next to the bed. He yelped with the pain.

I can't fucking move.

"Hey are you ok?" Peter froze as he heard a man's voice behind him.

He felt a hand touch his shoulder and he freaked out "Get the HELL away from me!! Don't fucking touch me!!"

He heard the guy back off and move over to the doorway, then his voice said softly "Please don't be afraid, my name's Wade, this is my apartment. I found you lying in an alleyway in a really bad state."

Suddenly it all came flooding back to Peter and he felt a deep breath emerge from his chest as all his emotions flooded out in one heart wrenching sob. He grabbed on to his knees for comfort.

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Wade had watched the younger man sleep. He had cleaned him up as best as he could. He had felt so relieved when he discovered he was still breathing. Those scumbags had really messed him up badly. There was no way he was going to leave him out there in the cold to freeze to death. Wade could tell he had probably been on the streets for a while because of his skinny frame and how messed up his hair and skin were.

He had gently removed the young guy's clothes and bagged them up to be thrown out. There was no point washing them they were in too much of a poor state. The young man's head and hair were grimy and bloodstained. His torso, back, arms and legs were covered in blood and bruises. He looked as if he had probably fractured his ribs and the angle of some of his fingers was definitely off.

Trying to be as careful as possible Wade had lifted the young guy into the bath tub and grabbed the shower head, letting the warm water wash away all the grime and blood. He had no shampoo as he himself had no hair, so he had used some coconut shower gel to wash the young man's hair, slowly massaging it in to get out all the caked on blood. The water turned a deep rust colour as it washed away. Wade rinsed his hair and used more of the shower gel to wash the guy's torso and arms and then his legs. He didn't want to invade this young man's privacy any more than he had already, but he knew he would feel so much better if he woke up clean. he rinsed all the soap off and saw how at some point this man would have had an athletic physique, his muscle tone not completely gone, but damage from the attack and malnutrition made him look physically broken. Wade also noticed a large scar on one of his pectoral muscles, like he'd been slashed with a knife. It didn't look that old, maybe a couple of months.

*I wonder what happened there?*

Wade got a large bath towel and wrapped the young man in it. He lifted him out of the bath tub, he smelt nice and once his mass of brown hair was towel dried he looked half human again. Wade noticed he had long dark eyelashes and his face was soft. He carried the man to the bedroom and laid him on the bed still wrapped in the towel. He found him some boxers and carefully put them on him, they were a little big but it didn't matter, they were clean and warm. He got out a box with medical supplies and applied a large bandage to the young guy's ribs where he was cut and bruised the worst, he fixed it with surgical tape and did the same for the wound on the side of the guy's head. Then he reset his fingers and applied a splint. Lastly he applied some Vaseline to the dry sore skin of the scar on his chest. He slipped him into a clean t-shirt and lifted him up to pull back the covers. he laid him on the sheet and covered him securely with the duvet so he was all cosy.

Wade had looked at him lying there all wrapped up in bed. He could see his soft face better, some colour had returned to his cheeks, he was beautiful.

*Oh boy! No Wade, don't even go there.*

~~~~~

When he heard a thud coming from the bedroom Wade had hurried over to see if the young guy was ok. He could see he was sitting on the floor, his back turned to Wade. He went to help him up but as soon as his hand touched the guy's shoulder he went crazy at him. Wade stepped back mindful that this was a perfectly understandable reaction. He moved back over to the doorway.

The young man was holding his knees up to his chest sobbing loudly and swaying backwards and forwards. "What do you want from me? What did you do to me? Where are my clothes? I am not interested in your fucked up sugar daddy sex games!" He sobbed louder and then shouted angrily "Did you touch me you creep?"

Wade was horrified "No, no, NO! Oh my god please don't think that. I swear on every inch of my soul that I didn't lay a finger on you. I am not interested in fucked up shit like that. I just wanted to help you." Wade tried to convey a comforting tone in his voice. "I couldn't leave you there all alone in that stinking alleyway. At first I thought you were dead."

Wade could see the distress the young guy was in and it broke his heart. His whole instinct was telling him to go and comfort him, but he didn't want to scare him even more. "Can you please tell me your name at least?"

The guy shook his head "NO! I don't want you knowing anything about me. And you HAVE laid your hands on me because how else did I get cleaned up and who's clothes are these? Where's my own stuff?" More sobbing as the guy held his head in his hands.

Wade was in bits.

I don't know how to help him.

"Please don't be upset. I still have your clothes, but they were covered in blood and crap, they weren't fit to wear anymore..." Wade couldn't finish as the young man screamed out "BUT THEY'RE MINE!!

You had no right to touch me or take my clothes! Please just let me leave okay."

Wade watched as the guy tried to get up but then yelled in pain as he sat back down. The crying increased and the man's body slumped forward.

"It hurts too damned much. Those bastards just wouldn't stop kicking me. I couldn't do anything to stop them. I just let them beat the crap out of me like some pathetic loser, but what else could I do? They were attacking the woman from the soup kitchen, she's a nice person and she was so scared. I couldn't just leave her there. They would have hurt her badly I know."

Wade listened and deep inside he felt immense warmth for the young guy.

Damn he's a hero.

"Listen, you are not a loser. What you did was totally selfless and pretty heroic. You saved that woman from those creeps and yes they got to you, but look at the state you are in! You are physically weak through lack of food and I bet this is the longest you have slept in... weeks? Months? How could you have fought them off? The truth is you're lucky they didn't kill you! I got a look at them when they ran out the alley and when I saw you lying there I was all set to call the cops because you looked dead. Then you made a sound and I realised I couldn't leave you there to freeze. So I brought you back here and patched you up. Yes, I did take your clothes off and showered you, but I really truthfully did not touch you anywhere intimate or even thought about anything like that. I just wanted you to be alright. I'm so sorry if you feel I violated your body in

any way."

The young guy sat quietly, he seemed to be calmer. "My name is Peter." his voice spoke softly, a little croaky from all the crying and shouting.

"Ok Peter, good to know, like I said my name's Wade. I think you should try and get some more sleep. I'll leave you alone here and if when you wake up later you still want to leave that's fine. I can get you some clothes. Please don't be afraid of me, I promise I really won't hurt you. If you need to call someone or tell someone you are here I can get you a phone. Anything you need just tell me ok." Wade reassured him.

He watched as Peter managed to crawl back on to the bed, his face frowning with the pain, pulling the duvet right over his head.

Wade left him and walked away, then he heard Peter's voice.

"Wade?"

"Yeah, you ok?"

"Yes, I just wanted to say thank you."

The Merc smiled to himself.

I really hope he doesn't leave.

~~~~~

When Peter wakes up again it's dark in the bedroom and the only light is coming from the partially open door. He carefully gets up off the bed, his legs still wobbly from his injuries, but he already feels slightly better than before.

"Hello? Wade?" There's no response.

He spies the bathroom across the hall and goes inside. His bladder feels about ready to burst. He does the world's longest pee and as he's stands there he catches sight of his reflection in the bathroom mirror and is he's visibly shocked. He finishes using the toilet and moves more towards the mirror. His face is black and blue and there's a bandage on the side of his head. When he lifts the t-shirt he can see how badly his torso is bruised and cut. A big bandage is covering the worst area. It hurts when he breathes in. He sees the scar on his chest and notices there's something been rubbed on it, like Vaseline, there's residue on the inside of the t-shirt. Peter feels tears welling up in his eyes again at the thoughtfulness of this man called Wade.

He looks down at his legs , more bruises, he scans his arms and the way his hand is bandaged up, he wonders if Wade is some kind of paramedic. He washes his hands and walks out through the hall into the living room. There is a lamp switched on and a note on the table.

Hey Peter  
I hope you're feeling ok!  
Hungry??  
Guess what??  
I left you something yummy in the kitchen!  
OH and WAIT FOR IT!  
There

is  
ICE CREAM  
in the freezer!!  
Help Yourself! Eat as much as you like!  
Buenas Noches  
xoxoWade

The note is written in purple ink on pale blue paper with dancing unicorns on it, Peter sniggers at the way it's written.

In the kitchen he uncovers a plate with pasta and sauce and a bowl of grated cheese, a post it note on the microwave reads "2 min, add cheese, 1 min and PING!" Peter smiles to himself as he heats the food up. He opens the fridge and takes out some juice, there's another post it note "No Ice Cream here.....check the lower level" Peter opens the lower half of the refrigerator and there is another note "You have completed your frozen dessert mission.....now to pick a flavour!" Peter shakes his head.

*This guy is something else.*

There are four Ice cream flavours, Peter picks peanut butter and chocolate. He takes all the food and drink to the table and sits down. He is starving, the food tastes amazing and he devours it. As he's eating he glances round the room. There's a lot of stuff scattered about, books, comics, films. There's a big tv and a nice comfy looking sofa with big cushions on it and a soft fluffy blanket folded up. There are a few pictures and posters, mainly film and cartoon characters. Peter doesn't see any photos or personal stuff. He returns his attention to the food as he opens the ice cream and eats it like it's the best thing he's ever tasted. The sweetness of the chocolate is just what his body's craving, the sugar giving him a little lift.

Peter thinks about Wade and the fact that he doesn't feel anxious being in his apartment. He is after all a stranger and his initial shock when he first woke up was all too real, but as Wade spoke to him something in his voice reassured Peter. It was almost like he had met him before, a familiarity, but Peter couldn't place him. Maybe he just had that vibe about him, some people are naturally calming. After feeling so wary of strangers for all these months Peter felt relieved to be able to just let his guard down a little bit. He was still suspicious of Wade, but his gut told him not to be afraid.

When he's finished he clears away the plate and throws the empty ice cream tub in the trash. He spies some potato chips on the side and some sodas in the fridge so he takes them back to the bedroom and climbs under the duvet. He switches the lamp on and sits eating the chips and drinking the soda in bed. He feels strangely content.

Soon he starts feeling sleepy again, but just before he drifts off he realises something about Wade.

*I don't even know what he looks like.*

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The high rise buildings swept past him as he glided through the city. His lungs filled with sharp crisp air, his exhilaration increased his heartbeat, he felt so alive as he flew over the busy streets. He landed on top of the Empire State Building and looked out across the rooftops, he felt so lucky, so blessed. Endorphins coursed through his body, this was the best feeling in the whole world. He looked down and pointed his wrist in the direction of an adjacent building, he leaped and aimed his wrist to shoot a web, but nothing happened. Panic ensued as he tried with his other wrist, but that too was empty, he was plummeting to the ground below, he tried to reach out to the side of the buildings but he was too far away, he knew this was bad, really bad....

"Ahhhh don't let me fall!!" Peter woke up with a shock. For a moment he panicked as he didn't know where he was, then things realigned in his brain and he remembered he was in Wade's apartment recovering from his previous ordeal.

"Hey Peter you ok?" Wade's voice questioned him softly from the doorway. Peter looked up from his pillow and saw a figure wearing a hoody, it wasn't quite light enough for him to make out Wade's facial features. He was leaning against the door frame, hands in his pockets.

"What time is it?" Peter had lost all concept of time. "How long have I been asleep?"

"It's 5am. I'm guessing you slept six or seven hours, I see you enjoyed the food I left you." Wade sounded happy.

Peter sat up and smiled in Wade's direction "Yeah it was delicious thank you for that, oh and the ice cream was the best ever." Peter remembered the cold sweetness as it had slid down his throat.

"How are you feeling? I thought I heard you shout something just now." Wade lingered in the doorway.

Peter reached over and switched on the bedside lamp. He noticed Wade took a step backwards. "Yeah I'm ok I was having a weird dream, one of those where you're falling. I'm still aching but I think sleep is helping me heal."

Peter's hair was sticking out in messy peaks, his brown eyes were half shut and he was biting the inside of his lips as he thought about the dream.

Wade felt his breath catch at the sight of Peter's face in the soft light of the lamp.

Holy shit he is so pretty.

Too pretty for you Mr Stalker McGlary eyes!

Shut up!

Wait until he sees your face!

Hahahaha oh boy he's gonna freak the shit out!!

Wade scrunched his face up trying to shut out the voices in his head. But they were probably right. Peter hadn't actually seen Wade properly yet and he really needed to explain before he exposed him to the unsightly reality of his deformed exterior.

"Peter I need to talk to you. I don't want you to be alarmed or anything." Wade saw Peter's expression change, he went from 'cute-fluffy-just-awake-Peter' to 'scared-staring-face-Peter' in a matter of seconds. "Oh hey no don't worry, it's just about my face...well no actually it's about my whole appearance. I have a ton of scars on my skin and I don't want to scare you." Wade stood awkwardly as he waited for Peter to reply.

"Wade please come over here, let me see your face, I won't be afraid. Whatever you look like you make up for in kindness and generosity, it can't be that bad. I mean you go outside and I assume you have a job, so you don't hide away." Peter spoke gently.

Wade's heart filled with warmth at Peter's kind words. He walked over to the side of the bed. Peter's eyes looked straight at him concentrating on what he could see under Wade's hood. Wade slowly removed his hood and looked down. Peter said nothing.

His silence speaks volumes

YOU BET! He is trying to think of how to get as far away from your melted House Of Wax head as he can!

Oh hey don't hold back!

"Your face looks kind." Peter broke the silence. He looked up at Wade with the most beautiful smile The Merc had ever seen.

Oh crap. I am wrecked!

"That's better, I can see your eyes. You have really sparkly eyes Wade, they give your face character." Peter was studying Wade.

Wade couldn't believe how sweet Peter was being about his appearance.

I am going to kiss him on his candy lips and I bet they taste like peach sorbet.

"Peter you really don't have to be so nice to me. You don't owe me any favours." Wade looked down at his hands, rubbing his palm with his fingers. "You know you can stay or leave whenever you want to, I don't expect anything from you. I helped you because I wanted to. But Peter please don't think you have to stroke my ego or anything."

"Wade sit down on the bed next to me please." Peter moved over to make room for Wade to sit beside him. Wade hesitated "Are you sure?" Peter nodded smiling.

Wade moved his big frame onto the bed and leant back against the headboard, he rested his hands on his abdomen, his fingers interlaced. He looked sideways at Peter. "Happy now?"

Peter nodded smiling. He really wanted to ask Wade what had happened for his skin to end up like that, but it was clear Wade felt self-conscious and the last thing Peter wanted to do was make him feel uncomfortable in his own home. He figured Wade would tell him in his own time.

Peter nudged him with his elbow. "Wade I can't explain it but you have made me feel very comfortable. I don't feel anxious or afraid. I believe you when you say you don't expect anything from me. I don't feel I need to run away or worry that you will try and harm me, there is just something calming about you and this place. I am grateful that you helped me, it's something I will never ever forget. I know you don't want anything in return. I think all you want is for me to get strong enough and then I'll get back to my life and leave you to get on with yours."

"Peter, what is your life? Do you have a home? Where do you sleep?" Wade looked straight ahead as he wondered about Peter's situation.

Peter spoke honestly, he owed Wade that at least "The truth is I've been homeless for about six months now. I have been living on the streets, sometimes I get a bed in a hostel but most of the time I sleep in a disused lock up about eight blocks from where you found me."

Wade's heart filled with sadness "Peter, I don't want you to go back to that life, it's not a life, it's a living nightmare, it's dangerous and I worry if I let you go back out there I will end up finding you in a much worse state than the other night."

"But Wade you are not responsible for my safety. I need to find my own way, I can't expect you to do any more than you already have. Once I find somewhere more secure to stay I can find my footing again, I know I can." Peter was trying to convince himself as well as Wade.

"Peter you can stay here if you like, there is a second bedroom you could make your own. No pressure, but maybe just until you get back on your feet, you know. No strings at all I promise. You wouldn't be in my way or anything, I mostly work at night so I'm around during the day, we could hang out. Please just consider it."

Just say yes, you will be safest here with me.

Oh really????!! Like you won't try and bite his cute little ass?!

Yeah Wade what's the REAL reason you want him to stay...come on don't be shy!

You know he will never see you as anything other than a FREAK!

Seriously guys you need to fuck off!

Peter felt a tear fall from his eye, he wiped his face. "Wade I don't know what to say. It's been a while since somebody treated me so nicely and behaved so selflessly towards me. Just until I get back on my feet then okay? Thank you, it's really kind of you, I mean that." He squeezed Wade's arm.

He really needs to not touch me right now.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Wade and Peter grow closer. Peter's demons start to come out.

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning. Flashbacks of implied assault and also a self harm scene involving Wade.

Wade's spare room looked a little empty and characterless and there was no bed, just a mattress on the floor, so Wade went online and ordered a new bed, a new mattress, pillows and bedding especially for Peter. "Call it a moving in gift!" Wade beamed happily.

He was so glad Peter had decided to stick around, he had watched him slowly recover from his injuries over the past ten days and as Wade took care of him he could see Peter had started to radiate a little with a happy glow. Sure, he still seemed to be battling all kinds of inner demons and Wade was too afraid to ask because he didn't want to scare Peter off, but just once he wished the younger man would open up and offload some of the pain that was clearly messing with his head.

He seemed to have nightmares every night and even sometimes during the day Wade would catch him looking as if his mind was lost in thoughts. Wade knew all too well how destructive a fucked up brain could get and many times he wished he had someone to talk to, but instead he got those guys in his head arguing for the top spot in the 'Who can fuck Wade up the most' competition.

He had accompanied Peter across town to the lock up where Peter had a rucksack hidden away with what few personal items he still possessed. Wade looked around in the space and saw where Peter had made himself a corner to sleep, it upset him to think of Peter lying there cold and afraid each night. It pained him to think of the other young people, and old, who had nowhere to go and had to depend on the kindness of strangers to help them. The people who ran the charities and hostels were pretty special in Wade's eyes. He never wanted Peter to ever have to return to this place and this existence. He would look after him for as long as he needed him to. He noticed Peter had gone very quiet and pensive, he looked sad.

"You ok?" Wade put his hand on Peter's shoulder.

"Ah I don't know, it's like I'm sad to say goodbye, I can't explain it. I know it looks like a damp dark shit hole, but it was quite secure. I could at least relax for a while here before it got so cold. I made sure nobody else knew about it. It's like I feel grateful to this building for keeping me safe for that short time. Come on help me gather up this stuff, I'm going to wash the sleeping bag and donate it to the shelter, somebody else will make good use of it."

Wade stopped him "No Peter leave it, it's no use any more. I'm going to get some stuff to donate to the shelter, we can get some sleeping bags and other stuff they need, we can go along and ask them, make a list." Peter glanced up at Wade and felt a rush of affection for the big man stood

before him. Suddenly he flung his arms round Wade and hugged him tight. Wade put his arms round Peter and held him close. He could feel his heart beating against his chest.

Oh Baby Boy what are you doing to me?

~~~~~

Peter had gathered that Wade worked at the hospital where he did night shifts, but he wasn't really sure what his exact job was. Maybe it had some connection to his skin. He really wanted to ask him what had happened, but he didn't want Wade to think he was prying into his business. On the other hand they did live in the same apartment now so it only seemed right they should know a bit more about each other.

Peter also felt a bit guilty because he was still playing his cards very close to his chest about his own past and especially about more recent unpleasant events that Peter just wanted to forget about. It wasn't easy because every time he caught sight of the large scar on his chest he was reminded of awful feelings of pain and shame deep inside himself.

Wade had been so generous, making sure Peter was comfortable in his new bedroom and he loved the big bed and soft cotton bedding he had given him. Peter had painted one of the walls turquoise blue and hung up some black and white photographs of the NYC skyline he found in a thrift shop. He had one photo of Aunt May in a small silver coloured frame. It had replaced the original genuine silver frame as he had pawned it to buy some food, this frame he'd bought for a dollar from a street vendor. It didn't matter, the photo was the sentimental part, not the frame. He knew there were more photos and personal possessions stashed away in storage, but until he could afford to pay the fee he owed they would have to just stay there. He hoped they hadn't been destroyed or worse sold on to strangers. Puzzle pieces of his previous life hidden away in a handful of boxes, that's all he had in this world.

*Well, until I met Wade.*

It had been a couple of weeks since Peter had moved into Wade's apartment, they seemed to rub along nicely together, their interactions were informal and surprisingly tactile for two people who until recently had been complete strangers. Peter couldn't really get over how at ease he felt around Wade. That strange familiar feeling puzzled Peter. He made him feel safe and after months of feeling anxious and having to be hyper vigilant all the time Peter started to relax. He liked how Wade would fuss over him, making sure he ate enough and checking his wounds were healing properly. Peter remembered a time when those wounds would have been merely superficial, but that was before things went wrong. Now everything was slower and his perceptions were not as sharp. Peter wondered if he would ever regain his former strength and ability. Did he even want to? It always seemed like he caused grief to his loved ones when he was Sp....

*No I don't even want to think about it anymore*

Peter and Wade had planned an evening of movies and snacks on the sofa, the weather outside was cold and miserable and so it was perfect timing for snuggling up indoors. They couldn't decide on a film, Peter liked action and drama while Wade's tastes varied from the downright ridiculous to sentimental love stories where somebody always ended up either dying of cancer or getting killed by a freak accident leaving behind their broken hearted lover. Peter didn't think he could stomach Wade sobbing into a whole box of tissues again while stuffing his face with chocolate.

"Wade can I ask you something? What is it that you do at the hospital?"

Wade shifted slightly, conscious of Peter's gaze "I work in the morgue. It's the one department

where I wouldn't be scaring the patients. I figured if I worked with dead people they wouldn't mind my skin." Wade grinned at Peter, making light of his clear unease.

*Yeah what I'm not telling you is that I am in fact the one who kills them in the first place, the less you know the better Sweet Cheeks.*

"Why do you always put yourself down Wade? You have such a good heart and you are beyond generous, so what if your skin looks different? It doesn't matter." Peter thought Wade looked handsome.

"Not everybody is as open minded and good natured as you are Peter. I have lived with this lava face for long enough to know that people can be very insensitive, mostly out of fear of the unknown, but sometimes it's just because they are cruel bastards." Wade leant his head back on the sofa cushions and sighed.

*Aah Humans... \*eye-roll\**

"Do you want to tell me what happened to you?" Peter asked cautiously.

"Well Baby Boy I will gladly tell you why I look like chopped liver that's been left in a heated room for a month, but then I would also like you to tell me about that massive scar on your chest please." Wade turned to look at Peter.

Peter felt his whole body go cold. He couldn't breathe. An image flashed before his eyes, a blade half covered in blood, his blood. He could see the knife as it cut through his flesh, a figure holding him by his hair, he was naked, the figure laughing cruelly. Peter shook his head aggressively to try and make the images disappear. He suddenly felt sick, he quickly got up and ran to the bathroom where he threw up in the toilet, all the while his head was spinning with the awful memory that plagued him every single day since it happened. He slumped down onto the bathroom floor and felt hot tears streaming down his face, his throat felt sore from vomiting, he needed water, but most of all he wanted to run away.

Wade didn't speak, he just crept down beside Peter and wrapped his arms around him, holding him so tightly, squeezing the emotion out of him. Peter cried long sobs into Wade's chest, months of pent up pain and frustration pouring out of him. When Peter's cries became muffled little breaths The Merc got to his feet and lifted Peter up. He carried him to the sofa where he laid him down and put the soft blanket over him, then he lay beside him and held him. Not a word was spoken between the two of them.

They must have fallen asleep for a short while because when Peter opened his eyes again he could see the sky was still dark outside the window. Wade was snoring softly beside him, his arms still holding Peter in a firm embrace. For a few minutes Peter leaned into his embrace and listened to Wade's heartbeat, he was so warm and cosy. Peter could have quite happily stayed like that forever. He felt Wade move and he closed his eyes again, pretending to be asleep. Peter wasn't ready to be let go just yet.

Wade looked at Peter's sleeping face. He looked calm and content. Wade was glad he had allowed him to comfort him, because he had been shocked at the ferocity of Peter's emotions regarding the scar question. Wade could only imagine what fucked up shit he'd been through.

*Somebody hurt him, some motherfucking sleazebag.*

*So what are YOU going to do about it DEADPOOL?!*



*Yeah Mr Mercenary "I kill people for a living"??*

*Maybe it's time you sharpened your katanas and went hunting.*

*How are we going to get the pretty baby to tell us who it was?!*

*Yeah Prince Fucking Charming how long are you going to hold him before it gets weird?*

Wade clenched his eyes shut, he didn't need those guys in his head trying to fuck him up, not now, not when he felt this level of closeness for the first time in years. The last time he had felt warmth like this was when someone he used to admire very much had confided in him that, despite the fact that he was a ruthless killer, he knew he had a good heart. Those had been good times.

*Yeah Webs was a real hero, I should look him up sometime.*

Wade manoeuvred himself off the sofa, trying not to disturb Peter, but when he glanced down two deep brown doe eyes were looking up at him. "Hey Wade."

"Hey Baby Boy how are you feeling?" Wade really wanted to lift him up and carry him off to bed, hold him close all night, but he knew that would be a bad decision right now. Better to let Peter clear his head.

Peter sat upright, his head hurt, he took a sip of his soda "Ugh it's warm." He stood up and turned to Wade "Thank you." He quickly pecked Wade on his cheek and walked off to his room, closing the door behind him.

*Shit.*

~~~~~

Peter walked down the dark corridor. There were doors on each side and he heard noises coming from behind them. They were like animalistic noises, screeching and moaning and crying. Peter kept walking towards the end of the corridor. He knew he was heading for the door straight ahead. It felt like he had been walking forever. His limbs suddenly felt heavy like lead. He reached out to turn the handle on the door and pushed it open. He saw a room, it looked familiar, like his old room at Aunt May's house, but different. There was a bed in the middle of the room. It had a cast iron bed frame and he could see black ropes tied round the frame at both ends of the bed. Peter moved forward and became aware of someone standing behind him. He felt two hands on his hips pushing him towards the bed. Peter felt his chest tighten. He looked down at himself and realised he was naked. He didn't want to be there. He didn't feel safe, but he couldn't move. The hands moved up to his neck and tightened around his throat and he heard a voice whisper in his ear "You are nothing, nobody gives a shit about you, all you are good for is to su....."

"NO!!!" Peter sat bolt upright in bed, sweat pouring down his face, his heart pounding in his chest. He could feel something wet between his legs and to his horror he realised he had ejaculated in his sleep. He couldn't understand why when the dream had been so disturbing. He felt ashamed of his body for tricking him like that, but even more so when he realised Wade was stood in the doorway looking at him with a worried expression on his face.

"Peter, Baby Boy, what happened?"

Peter had noticed Wade had started using that particular nickname for him, at first it was a bit weird, but he had soon got used to it and now he liked it, it was endearing. "I'm fine, sorry, I just had a weird dream." I need to get cleaned up I've been sweating badly." Peter didn't want to get out of bed in front of Wade because he was all wet between his legs and it was clearly not sweat. He

was also quite disturbed by the fact that he still had a pretty angry semi going on below. His body was a total mystery to himself these last few days. It was like he had no control.

"Okay I'll leave you to it, if you need anything just let me know ok." Peter was glad when Wade walked back to his own bedroom. He quickly got out of bed and stripped the sheets off, his damned erection wouldn't subside and it stuck out in his damp boxer shorts. He needed to jump in the shower. He turned round only to see Wade back in the doorway holding some clean sheets in his arms and staring wide-eyed at Peter's crotch.

Holy fuck!

"Oh hey Peter I'm sorry I realised you would probably need clean sheets. I'm sorry to sneak up on you like that." Wade noticed Peter's face was so red he thought he might catch fire and he still had what looked like a sizeable boner. Wade smiled at him and Peter quickly turned round with his back to him. "Hey Peter it's ok you know, you don't have to be embarrassed, it's just Mother Nature playing her cute little tricks. We live in the same space, this won't be the first or the last time that one of us gets a sneaky old hard-on. Please don't feel uncomfortable ok." And with that Wade walked back to his own bedroom.

Peter breathed a sigh of relief, grabbed a towel and locked himself in the bathroom. He stripped off his damp clothes and turned on the water. In the mirror on the back of the door he caught sight of his manhood, there was no sign of it calming down, he was rock hard. Ever since he had allowed Wade to comfort him the other night his body had been reacting in very unpredictable ways. He couldn't explain what was going on especially since he had just shot his load while having that disturbing dream. He didn't even feel very aroused.

Across the hall somebody else was definitely feeling extremely aroused and as soon as he heard the noise of the shower Wade let out a sigh, grasped his cock in his hand and started jerking off like it was a major Olympic sport, hard fast movements. He really needed to punish himself. All he could focus on in his mind was the sight of Peter's boner pushing against the fabric of his underwear. Wade had also noticed Peter's boxers looked wet and he was willing to bet it was something a lot stickier than sweat. That final thought pushed him over the edge and his own release felt hot in his hand as it flowed out of him. He had a towel ready to clean himself up and then he lay back on his bed, listening for sounds coming from the bathroom, but Peter seemed to be very quiet.

I wonder what he is doing?

Wade smiled as he imagined Peter touching himself. Despite having just come he already had a twitch in his groin again.

In the bathroom Peter was leaning with his head against the cool tiles on the wall as he tugged at his erection. He was trying to take his mind to a happy place where he could feel pleasure, but the images from the dream kept flashing up before his eyes. It was frustrating him. Then his mind shifted to how embarrassed he'd just felt in front of Wade, but at the same time he felt a spark deep inside when he thought about Wade's eyes staring at his crotch. He had to admit that image was turning him on. He let his thoughts drift to Wade's hard muscular thighs and his strong hands and Peter imagined them on his body massaging his flesh and he thought about Wade's voice when he spoke softly in that deep husky way he did when he was tired or when he was trying to comfort Peter after a particularly bad dream. He felt heat rising up inside him and before he knew it he let out a strained yell and came hard over his hand and the shower floor. He leaned against the wall, catching his breath. It had been a long time since he had come like that. It felt really good.

Wade, still lying back and gently stroking himself, heard Peter when he finally got his release and a big smile spread over his face.

That's it sweetheart just let it all go.

~~~~~

Wade and Peter continued to grow closer as the days went by, their individual attractions towards one another not fully coming to light, but in small gestures it was apparent the two men were falling for each other. Wade was already losing his mind over Peter, his thoughts were full of him and he couldn't do enough for him. Peter was slightly more reserved, but he was becoming increasingly more clingy with Wade, touching him in passing and leaning against him when they watched tv. Sometimes when Peter's dreams got too bad Wade would hear him when he came in from 'work' and he would lie beside him on his bed and just hold him until he fell asleep. Likewise when Wade had a nightmare Pete would get in his bed and talk to him softly and they would fall asleep together. Nothing more intimate than that had happened.

Wade was struggling to keep it all together. He was sitting in the living room nursing the same beer he'd been meaning to drink for the past hour. He had been out on some 'business' and returned at about 3am. Peter was asleep in bed and Wade was battling the voices in his mind. They had been in full force since he and Peter had started getting closer. Wade had been fighting every impulse and thought that entered his brain not to go further with Peter.

*It's not right, he is a lot younger than me and he's been through too much.*

*He's not a kid, he's 23!*

*Yeah Wade what are you whining on about?*

"Jesus Christ will you get out of my goddamned head already!"

Wade got up and marched round the room.

*Awww what's the matter? Scared you're gonna hurt him?*

*Wade you always hurt people THAT'S WHAT YOU DO!*

*Yeah Wade quit stalling and show the twink who's boss!!*

"Holy fucking shit!! You seriously need to STOP!! I can't take any more." Wade stamped off towards his bedroom, he was worried he had woken Peter up with his stupid ranting.

*You need to act quick Wade! When little Bambi finds out you're a killer he won't want you anymore!*

*Does he know you like to play with guns and knives?*

*Maybe he'll let you make a scar on the other side of his chest, that would be FUN!*

"OH NO NO NO!! STOP!! PLEASE!!!" Wade couldn't handle much more, his head was spinning. He sat on the edge of his bed and held his face in his hands. All he wanted was to be happy, have someone in his life to look after and who would be there at his side when he needed them to be, a partner. Somebody to love.

*Like Peter.*

Peter had heard Wade pacing about and talking to himself, he sounded worked up. Things had gone silent and Peter had gone to see if Wade was ok. He found him sitting on his bed holding his head,

he looked up at Peter and he had tears in his eyes. Peter sat down next to him and comforted him, rubbing his hand up and down Wade's back. "Everything is going to be ok. Would you like to talk about it?" The Merc shook his head and leant against Peter.

"Thank you sweetheart I am so glad you are here. It makes all the difference knowing I'm not alone." He took Peter's hand in his.

Peter's heart was so full of love for The Merc at that moment.

"Wade?"

"Yes Peter?"

"Would you like me to kiss you?"

Wade turned his head to look at Peter's face, a slight blush was forming on the younger man's cheeks. He couldn't quite believe what he just heard.

"Right now I would like nothing more." He smiled at him.

Peter stroked Wade's face lovingly and leant in to kiss him. It felt warm and enticing. Wade cupped Peter's jaw and returned the kiss more vigorously, slipping his tongue into Peter's mouth. Peter let out a soft moan as they indulged in their warm wet kiss. Wade edged himself towards Peter and slipped his hands under Peter's pj shirt pulling him closer, feeling his soft skin. He broke free from their kiss and ran his tongue down Peter's neck, listening to his almost whispered moans. He slowly undid some of the buttons on Peter's shirt and started kissing his collar bone, he smelt so good, earthy and slightly of soap. Wade very gently kissed the skin round the scar on Peter's chest, he wanted to make him feel good about himself, he ran his tongue over the outline of the scar and kissed it.

Peter froze.

Wade felt him tense up and he stopped. He looked at Peter and could see fear in his eyes. Peter didn't want to alarm Wade but he pulled away and turned his head to hide his face. Wade could see that Peter was struggling with their intimacy and he tried to reassure him it was all ok. Wade held Peter's hand and tried to make him feel better "Don't worry sweetheart. That kiss was so beautiful and amazing, thank you so much. Nothing else is going to happen unless you say it will. I won't try anything else." Wade wanted Peter to feel safe and secure. He had a lot of patience and ultimately he knew Peter was worth waiting for.

Peter's breathing relaxed, he hated that he couldn't just let himself go and be more physical with Wade. The deep-hidden fear and anxiety rose up inside him each time he thought about them going any further than their usual pattern of casual closeness. He had been thinking a lot about Wade when he touched himself and he found the idea of Wade's body next to his and his hands on him extremely arousing, but that was in his head, the thought of it actually happening gave him such bad anxiety it caused his throat to close up. It made him want to gag.....like he had before when the bad stuff had happened. A flash in Peter's mind took him straight back to that fateful day, he saw himself in the room, the figure of the disgusting creep trying to force Peter to do stuff he didn't want to do, the glint of the knife blade already partially coated in his own blood. Peter inhaled a short shocked breath and shook his head.

*No, not now, please.*

Wade observed Peter's grimace and held his hand tighter. "Peter you know you can talk to me. I

know something bad happened to you. I know it's why you have that scar on your chest. What happened sweetheart? Please tell me." Wade wanted to help Peter so badly.

"Wade, I can't do this right now, I'm so sorry." Peter released his hand from Wade's and went back to his bedroom.

Wade listened as he heard Peter close his door and then he heard him break down. His heart was crushed as he listened to the pained cries coming from Peter's room. He felt helpless. He couldn't offer him any comfort. Wade's mind started to brood.

*Who the FUCK hurt him? He was homeless and alone, the perfect victim for some fucking pervert!*

*Like you Wade! You clearly want to fuck him so what does that make you?*

*Hahahaha Wade the pervert!*

*Hey Wade you could go in there and 'comfort' him in your own 'special' way.*

"Holy Fuck! Will you leave me alone!" Wade snarled at the voices in his head.

*Oooh touchy! Or is it because you know we're right?*

Wade punched his own head trying to make the voices go away. He really needed to think clearly. He wanted to help Peter, not be a part of the problem.

*I need to get him to talk.*

*So why did you kiss him then?*

*Remember how your dick got hard when you first saw him naked?*

*You should have touched him when you first had the chance.*

*You suck Wade.*

*You're not his friend!*

"No, you are wrong. I am his friend, I care about him so much you fucking assholes!" Wade clawed at his scalp, his nails digging into his skin.

*I love him.*

*Sure Wade, what you really mean is that you want him.*

*Admit it!*

*You're just like those creeps.*

*Ahh boohoo he's crying! Here pretty boy suck my dick!*

Wade could no longer stand the voices and their incessant taunting. He needed to make them stop. That meant only one thing.

*Pain.*

Wade went to the kitchen and grabbed the sharpest knife he could find. He locked himself in the bathroom and put the shower on. He saw his face in the mirror, his eyes haunted by the noise in his

head. He undressed and stepped into the shower cubicle then he plunged the knife into his chest repeatedly. Blood oozed down his body, mixing with the warm water. He clenched his teeth trying to concentrate on the stinging pain and the red liquid disappearing down the drain. He jammed the knife into his thigh and collapsed on to the floor. The water was comforting as he squeezed his eyes shut to deal with the pain of his self-inflicted wounds. His head was becoming clearer, the noise dimming. He felt he was drifting in and out of consciousness, a floaty feeling as if he was outside of his own body. A satisfying numbness came over him. He focussed on the sound of the water clattering around him.

Wade heard knocking at the door. "Wade are you ok?" Peter's voice sounded worried.

"Yeah, I slipped, stupid soap, it's ok don't worry." Wade lied.

"Ok well be careful. I'm going back to bed. Night."

"Night Peter." Wade felt a surge of relief. He hadn't felt this conflicted in a long while. The voices were never far away, but until recently they'd been behaving. Since Peter and Wade had become closer the voices had been trying to torture Wade once more. He knew it was because of his feelings for Peter. He was, to put it simply, crazy about him. He felt helpless and weak because other than that one kiss he had no idea if Peter had even considered him in any kind of romantic way. Had the kiss just been to help Wade feel better? He wanted to hold on to the exact moment their lips touched, because it felt so amazing, so warm. If Peter had meant it to be a form of comfort it had certainly done the trick, until he pulled away. Wade had seen the lost look on Peter's face and that made him question if Peter truly felt anything other than friendship for him. If that was the case he would accept it and he hoped that over time he could live with that.

Wade looked down at his chest, the wounds had almost healed. The knife was still stuck in his thigh, he winced as he pulled it out and almost immediately the fibres in his flesh started knitting back together. All the while the warm water washed away the blood. At least Peter didn't have to witness this pathetic mess. He felt a sense of shame knowing he had reverted back to self-harm to deal with his fucked up brain, but it was the only way he could be sure to banish the voices, albeit only temporarily. When his thigh stopped bleeding Wade cleaned the shower cubicle with disinfectant and rinsed it all one last time. He wrapped himself in a towel and headed back to his room. He dried himself off, put on some boxers and a shirt and fell into bed. He finally felt calm.

A short while later Wade heard Peter's door and then he heard him come into his bedroom and without saying a word he climbed into bed beside Wade and snuggled up to him. As Peter drifted off to sleep Wade lay staring at the ceiling, his arm wrapped round the man he loved so much.

*There goes my calm.*

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Summary

Peter confides in Wade about his trauma.

### Chapter Notes

Trigger warning: A lot happens in this chapter but most importantly in the second half Peter opens up about the sexual assault.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The floor was hard and cold. Peter could hardly feel his toes, his feet were frozen. He tried to lie in a way that was less uncomfortable, but it was no use, he wasn't going to sleep. He sat up in his sleeping bag, he saw a light coming from the other side of the lock up. Peter got up and walked towards the source of the light. It was a phone flashing with a call. Peter answered it "Hello?" The voice on the other end was kind "Don't worry Baby Boy I am coming to rescue you." Peter felt happy "Thank you Wade." Peter was suddenly surrounded by soft light and he felt warm. He could sense someone was in the space with him. He looked behind him and there was Wade, arms open and smiling at him. "Come here sweetheart." Peter felt his body melt against the big man, something so intense and evocative rising up inside him. He grabbed at Wade's shirt. Their lips locked and Peter grinded into him needing to feel him against his aching groin, he wanted him so badly. "I need you Wade, take me please, just hold me down and take me hard, hurt me."

Wade had been lying in his bed for the past 10 minutes trying not to move, his eyes were focussed on the light fitting in the middle of the ceiling, anything other than what was happening right beside him. Wade could feel Peter's breath on the side of his neck and his body was rubbing up against his. Peter's very obvious hard-on was sticking in Wade's hip as he grinded into him, his fist was clutching Wade's shirt and he was moaning and whispering.

*Shit, fuck, shit, he has no idea what he's doing to me!*

Wade couldn't respond to Peter, he was asleep, he was clearly in some kind of dream. He heard him whisper "Please....Wade Please...."

*Oh he's dreaming about me.....nope, no...don't go there.*

Something just switched in Wade's brain and he could no longer hold back. He turned his body towards Peter's and pulled him right up against himself "It's ok Baby Boy I'm here."

He leant in and kissed him hard, Peter responded greedily and Wade started rolling his hips so his erection rubbed against Peter's rock hard cock straining at the fabric of his PJs.

*Hell yeah Angel Face hard and sweet...my favourite kind of candy.*

Deadpool spoke in his mind.

Wade was completely fucked, he curled his tongue round Peter's, losing himself in Peter's moans and his hands stroking Wade's abdomen. "Mmm Wade.... mmm...ah...OH...WHAT?!"

Peter's eyes shot wide open and he lashed out with a powerful punch to Wade's chest, knocking him clear out of the bed and across the room.

Wade lay on the floor, his chest heaving and his eyes like saucers, trying to comprehend what had just happened. Peter had just quite literally launched him off the bed, but how he had no idea.

Peter stared at his hand, he hadn't felt strength like that in a long time, he didn't think he ever would again and this was the worst possible way for it to come back. He had no idea how he was going to explain it to....

*oh my god....Wade!*

He scrambled off the bed and knelt down beside Wade "I am so sorry, I just lost control, I woke up and ....you.....wait .....you were kissing me!!" Realisation washed over Peter and anger rose up inside him. "What the fuck Wade?! How could you do that when you knew I was asleep? What the hell were you doing?"

Wade sat up and looked at Peter intently "Peter, I am so very sorry, you were dreaming and saying my name and rubbing your body all against me and I lost control, I never meant to upset you. Please forgive me." his face was deadly serious and Peter could tell he was being sincere. He felt a little ashamed of the position he had put Wade in, it wasn't his fault, he knew Wade had feelings for him, it was obvious. Peter knew he needed to stop climbing into his bed, at least until he sorted his head out, Wade was only human and he had reacted on impulse.

"Peter? How did you do that to me? How did you get so strong? I am so confused right now. I mean what the shit?!" Wade was shaking his head.

"Wade, I can't talk about it, I can't explain it, it's like sometimes I get a rush of energy and I lose all normal function of my body. I don't know when it's going to happen and I have no way of stopping it, it's purely impulsive. I'm sorry for punching you Wade, I hope I didn't hurt you too badly." Peter reached out and touched Wade's shoulder.

*Ask him about the dream.*

*Were you fucking him in the dream?*

*You know he wants you, he is constantly all over you.*

*He's a little tease Wade, you know we are right.*

Wade didn't speak, his eyes darted to one side, things had definitely gotten weird.

~~~~~

Nothing more had been said about Peter's sudden display of extreme strength and he had made sure he toned down his tactile behaviour around Wade. He hadn't strayed into Wade's bed the last couple of nights either and seeing as Wade had been out working every night it hadn't been so hard. Every fibre in Peter's body just wanted to be close to Wade at all times, but he knew it wasn't fair on him while Peter needed to figure stuff out. He really needed to talk to him properly about what happened to him, he needed to explain, it was only right.

Something else Peter wanted to do was visit the soup kitchen to see if the nice young blonde

woman he'd helped that night was ok. He hadn't felt up to going back there until that morning and he knew Wade would go with him, as he accompanied him every time he left the house, he was like his shadow.

They headed across town together, Wade wearing his usual hoodie to avoid unwanted stares from strangers. He opted to wait outside while Peter went in to the soup kitchen, He'd spied a Mexican food place across the street and got himself a taco. He leant against the wall near the soup kitchen so he could see Peter inside.

"Hi I'm looking for...." Peter didn't get chance to finish his sentence when the person he was looking for came rushing over. "It's YOU! Oh my god you have no idea how happy I am to see you!! You saved me and I don't even know your name and all I want to do is hug you and say thank you!" The woman's face was lit up with a huge smile.

"Hey it's ok, I am so glad you're alright and really you don't have to thank me, I just couldn't leave you there! My name is Peter and yeah a hug would be great." He smiled shyly because he thought she was pretty.

"Peter! My hero! Everybody this is the wonderful guy who saved me!" She flung her arms round him and squeezed him tightly, Peter felt his face turn pink.

Outside Wade nearly spat his taco out "Oh hey Blondie McParty Hands don't get too friendly over there." He growled to himself.

Peter was completely overwhelmed by the outpouring of affection. All the people in the soup kitchen applauded and cheered. The blonde woman was still hugging him "I owe you my life Peter I know those guys would have hurt me. My name's Franny by the way, short for Frances." He smiled broadly at her, she made him feel nice inside, she looked so much like the girl he used to love, Gwen. But she had died and he still felt responsible and so hearing that Franny thought he had saved her life was actually a really great feeling. He really wanted to thank her for getting help to him when Wade had found him in the alley, he remembered seeing the red and black of her hat and coat.

He watched her turn to a woman sitting at one of the tables "Hey Jenny this is him! I can't believe he's walked in here today of all days, did you get a picture? His name is Peter....oh sweetie what is your surname?"

Picture?

He looked over at the woman called Jenny and he saw she was pointing her phone straight at him, a tiny light indicating she was filming him. "Oh I got more than a picture, I'm filming right now, this is amazing! Hey Peter tell us in your own words what happened when you saved Franny over there!" Peter stared straight at her, frozen on the spot. He looked terrified. This was not what was supposed to happen. He didn't want his face all over the internet or on tv. He felt his chest tighten.

Wade I need you.

Wade had witnessed the whole thing and ran into the soup kitchen, grabbed Peter and whisked him away down the street. Peter was hyperventilating and babbling at Wade "Oh no no no, this can't be happening, that woman she filmed me and now everybody is going to know my name and my face, this is bad Wade REALLY BAD!!" He bent over clutching his stomach, he felt dizzy, he felt his legs give way beneath him. Wade caught him and lifted him up, he hailed a cab and bundled Peter inside.

As soon as they entered the apartment Peter ran to the bathroom and threw up, his head was swirling round and his ears were buzzing. He had clamped his hand so tightly on to the toilet seat it had cracked in two. He sat down on the floor. Everything had gone wrong. The minute he started feeling stronger bad luck reared it's ugly head again. Why was he jinxed like that?

Wade came into the bathroom with a glass of water "Here sweetheart drink this. Try and stay calm, we can work this out, I'm sure it's not as bad as you think."

It is.

Things are only going to get worse.

"Wade you don't understand what has happened. I am no longer safe. As soon as my name and face are out there for everybody to see I will have to leave the city. I can't stay here, it's just not safe." Peter looked devastated.

Wade stared darkly.

No fucker is going to lay a finger on him, he's not going anywhere.

I will slice this entire city to shreds if I have to.

"Peter I need you to listen to me. I need you to focus. Nobody is going to hurt you. This apartment is the safest place for you and if you really feel too anxious to stay here I know somewhere else we can go. You are not leaving the city. I want to help you but it's time you were honest with me ok?" Wade spoke calmly.

Peter turned away from him, he couldn't tell him, he didn't know how to. He didn't know where to begin. He knew that Wade was probably the only person he could confide in. "I'm scared Wade, I mean really fucking afraid. I know I need to tell you the truth and I know it's probably going to be better for me, for us, in the future if I get it all out in the open, but it's so hard. It hurts so much inside Wade." Peter cried hot salty tears, he was so tired of this horrible cruel feeling in his heart and the torturous memories that constantly flashed through his mind, catching him unaware at any time of the day. He knew that what he was experiencing was the aftermath of trauma, but he didn't know how to make it stop. Maybe talking to Wade would help, maybe finally it was time he told him what happened.

Peter got up and walked into the living room, he sat beside Wade on the sofa, The Merc took Peter's hand and held it. "Wade I need to explain what happened. Please just listen ok. Don't get upset or annoyed because I know you will feel those emotions when I tell you and I really need you to just stay calm."

~~~~~

(6 months earlier)

"We can offer you a bed for tonight, but there's no guarantees for tomorrow, it's a first come first serve basis and the beds in the side room are women and children only." Peter nodded as he accepted the offer of a place to sleep.

It was the best he could hope for at that moment and at least he would be warm and dry for the night. He picked up his rucksack and followed the woman as she showed him to a bunk in a room with six beds. He nodded at the other guys as he sat down on the bed. Two were already snoring, rolled up in the blankets on their beds. One guy was sitting up against the wall reading a book and another was just sitting staring straight ahead. The woman entered the room again with another

guy, well he looked more like a kid to Peter, he guessed he was maybe fifteen or sixteen, no older. Peter smiled at him and he shyly smiled back. Peter could see he had a big bruise on the side of his face.

The hostel provided food parcels and there were washing facilities with access to soap and towels, so Peter freshened himself up as best he could. The young guy came into the bathroom and stood at the second wash basin. Peter half smiled at him and as the kid removed his shirt Peter's heart sank. His whole body was just covered in bruises and cuts. He saw Peter looking.

"It looks worse than it is." The kid ran the warm water and soaked a wash cloth coating it with soap and proceeded to wash himself, his face flinching every time he caught one of the cuts.

"It looks really bad, are you sure you're ok?" Peter was trying to be sympathetic.

"No man, I've not been ok for a long time, but this is how it is and what can I do about it? I just gotta try and keep away from these crazy dudes."

Peter didn't understand what the kid meant. "Do you know who did this to you? Can't you tell the police?" Peter felt alarmed at how casual the kid had sounded.

"The police won't help me, I'm just another cheap little whore to them. They think I deserve all I get. The guys who did this to me paid me for the privilege, but man, there's gotta be better ways to earn a living." The kid grinned the type of grin that a 50-something hardened drinker would have after years of self-abuse, not a teenager.

Peter felt so naive, he had been trying to find his way since losing his home and finding himself on the streets. The first week hadn't been so bad as he had some money he'd kept for emergencies and he had stayed in a cheap hotel. He had been positive he could find some kind of work, but without a fixed address nobody wanted to take him on. He couldn't open another bank account because he owed the bank money after Aunt May's medical bills had used up all her savings and then he had to lend money against the house and when that was all gone the bank came knocking and he simply had nothing left to give them. So he needed work that didn't ask questions and paid him cash in hand. So far he had helped out stacking crates down by the docks for a couple of hours and got a measly Twenty Dollars for the back breaking work he had done. The longer he was on the streets the less presentable he was going to look for a job. He felt so useless.

"Hey do you think you could help me wash my back?" The kid's voice broke Peter's train of thought.

"Yeah sure no problem, I'll be careful." Peter rinsed the wash cloth in the warm water and rubbed on some soap then he gently wiped the young guy's back. There were a series of small round wounds scattered over his back and more bruises. To Peter's horror he realised they were cigarette burns.

The kid saw him looking in the reflection of the mirror. "I know what you're thinking. Why would I let somebody do that to me?"

Peter bit the inside of his lip, he didn't know what to say.

"When you have nothing and nobody gives a shit about you sometimes you do stuff to make you at least feel something. It's like self harm. These guys they pay me to do whatever the hell they want and sometimes they are real creeps, but other times they are ok, even nice. When even your family have beaten the crap out of you and turned their backs on you it's tough man. Desperate people do desperate things."

Those words struck a chord with Peter, he understood that feeling of desperation. True in Peter's case it had been when he lost his girlfriend in a freak accident and he felt responsible because he couldn't save her, but it had shut something down in Peter and he had retreated from his usual life. He experienced some kind of mental block, turned his back on his alter-ego Spider-Man, burned his suit and swore off that life for good. Then a couple of months later his aunt had become ill and he tried to care for her but it was too much and she had to have professional medical care, eventually staying in a nursing home permanently until she passed away. Peter had suffered a breakdown, it had all been too much to handle on his own. Aunt May's savings had been used to pay medical bills and he had to lend more money against the house but with no real way of paying it back. He had tried to sell as much stuff as he could from the house to raise funds, but it was pointless as he owed the bank too much. He had packed up the most personal items and put them in storage and paid for six months up front with some of the money he had managed to raise. Then he had packed a rucksack and bided his time until they came to repossess the house.

Now he was in this hostel, standing looking at the mangled body of an unfortunate soul who had nothing in this world. "I'm sorry there's nothing I can do to help you, but if our paths cross you can always talk to me, consider me a friend, my name is Peter."

The kid smiled "Thanks man, I appreciate it, I'm Jacky."

Peter passed him a towel and after they had finished in the bathroom they went back to the sleeping room. Jacky had the bed next to Peter and as they lay on their beds they talked quietly to each other. Jacky told him he was fifteen and he had been on the streets since he was 13, but really he'd spent his whole short life just being feral, a street kid. He had never had a proper boyfriend or girlfriend and all his sexual encounters were either paid for or as a result of abuse. Peter was shocked at how frank he spoke of the things that had happened to him. He said he had a dream to one day get on a bus and go to California and become an artist. He had once seen a video about a group of artists who lived in a commune in San Francisco and he thought they were amazing. He was good at drawing faces and for a while he had made a few bucks sketching people's portraits on the street during the summer, just using basic materials. He said having that dream kept him going when things got too bad.

Peter liked Jacky, he told him about his photography and how he used to design stuff. Even though Peter was eight years older than him it was like Jacky was the older one, he had a wise head on his shoulders. He told Peter to watch his back and not be taken in by 'loners' who hung around looking for vulnerable homeless people to exploit and abuse. He gave him a few tips of diners and laundromats where they didn't kick you out and often you could score a free coffee or a sandwich. He told Peter to mention his name to a few places. He advised him where the best soup kitchens were and about the charity busses and hostels. He was great and Peter felt humbled by his kindness.

Later that same night Peter had woken up in the dark to the sound of muffled crying. He could see it was Jacky, his shoulders were shaking with emotion. Peter had sat on his bed and stroked his hair until he went back to sleep. That's when Peter realised that despite all his bravado Jacky was still just a kid. Peter felt protective over him at that moment. He felt so angry at the creeps who had abused him so badly. He really hoped one day Jacky would get to realise his dream.

When he had woken up the next morning Jacky had gone and all that was left was a piece of paper with a drawing on it, Peter saw that it was a portrait of him, it was really good. On the back was written "To my friend Peter, thank you, love Jacky."

Peter never saw Jacky again, word on the street was that he had found a sugar daddy and he had taken him West to live in the sun, but the truth was far more heartbreaking as two months later

Peter discovered that Jacky's body had been found in a dumpster. He had been horrifically abused and had died from his injuries. There had been an investigation but with no leads and in truth no real interest in the case a ruling of 'misadventure' had been made and the case was closed. Peter had felt so angry and sad. Jacky's short life had been one long struggle for survival and it had seemed so unfair to Peter the cards he had been dealt. He made a promise that he would go to California one day and visit that artist's commune and tell them about Jacky as a tribute to him.

Peter had spent the next few days trying to find places to sleep as it felt like every hostel he found was either full or there would be someone more vulnerable than him in greater need and he would let them have his place. While he was waiting outside a food kitchen a man approached him.

"Hey there I'm trying to set up a local hostel with help from the mission a few blocks east, should be up and running in a few days. We have been raising money through charity events and donations."

Peter thought the guy seemed friendly enough, not creepy or like the other guys he'd seen hanging around. He was dressed all in black, quite well presented with short cropped hair and a chain with a cross with a figure of Jesus on it. He didn't get any weird vibes off him and he spoke to other people not just Peter. He turned up again the next day at the same place and smiled in recognition at Peter.

"Hey there back again, just reminding folks of the hostel we're opening. I'm Richard by the way, Ric for short. If you're around tomorrow I can probably sort you and some of these other guys out with a place to stay. There's still a lot of work to be done, but at least we have the building."

Peter smiled at him "My name is Michael, yes ok sounds good, thanks." Peter lied to him about his name, remembering Jacky's words about keeping your identity safe. He still wasn't a hundred percent about this guy but if he was helping others too Peter didn't see any harm in at least going along to the hostel and having a look at the place.

The following day it was raining and when Peter went along to the food kitchen he spotted the man called Richard waiting outside.

"Hey Michael wasn't it? Not many people shown up today, if you're still looking for a place to stay we've got three beds available at the moment."

Peter thanked him and agreed to go along and see where the hostel was. What did he have to lose at this point? He asked the food kitchen if he could leave his rucksack there for a few hours. He had gotten friendly with a guy who worked there and had helped out twice washing dishes for some extra food. Peter was cold, wet and the hunger never left his belly, at least a warm bed would be a welcome distraction even just for one night. He walked with the guy a couple of blocks, he was talkative and friendly. They arrived at what looked like a run down hotel, Peter wasn't sure what to think.

"Yeah it looks like a dive on the outside but we got it fairly cheap. It's actually still running as a hotel, but we are renovating the rooms one by one so we can turn it into a fully functioning hostel."

Peter could see scaffolding outside one part of the hotel, so it rang true what he said.

"Wanna come in for a look around?"

Peter nodded and followed him through the door.

Peter followed Ric up some stairs and walked with him down a corridor, there were doors either

side of the corridor.

"Yeah we are sorting out the rooms upstairs first as we can let the lower rooms to raise more cash."

Peter nodded looking back down the corridor, he saw a door open and a man came out and called "Hey Lenny how's it hangin'? Who's your friend?"

Ric ignored the guy and he walked off laughing to himself.

Peter asked him who Lenny was.

"Oh that guy he thinks I'm his old friend Lenny, he's got a few issues."

At the end of the corridor Ric opened the door to a room. Inside there was a bed in the middle of the room and a pretty standard hotel room set up with a bedside table and a lamp and sanitary facilities behind a screen door to the side.

Peter looked around "Looks ok to me." he shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

The man called Ric said nothing. He walked over to the door and closed it, turning the lock. Peter suddenly felt very uncomfortable, like maybe he shouldn't be there.

"So I'm going to go and get my bag and I could meet you back here later if you like." Peter heard himself say the words but he already knew in the pit of his stomach that the guy wasn't going to let him leave.

"No, now I don't think that's a good idea. I think it would be much better if you and I got to know each other a little, what do you say to that Michael?"

Peter said nothing, he tried to swallow but his mouth had gone dry. He watched as the man took a large knife from a bag he had placed beside the bed. It had a black handle in the shape of what looked like a fish or a mermaid, it had a scaly design on it. The blade was long and sharp and Peter felt his heart start to race.

"See this knife Michael? Well, this knife is my dearest friend and if you play nicely with me it will be your friend too. If you decide to be mean then this knife will cause you pain and nobody really wants that do they?"

Peter felt anxiety rising inside him. He no longer had any powers to fight with and he felt defenseless. Since having the breakdown all his previous strength had left him and after the last few weeks on the street he felt so exhausted. Now he was here in a dangerous situation and he was frozen to the spot.

The man instructed Peter to remove his clothes, holding the knife up to his jaw, Peter had no doubt that he would use it, so he slowly started taking his clothes off laying them over a chair. When he was down to his boxers he stood there looking at the floor.

"All of your clothes." The creep snarled at him.

He could feel tears welling up in his eyes, he felt so afraid. How was he in this position after everything he had heard from other people and Jacky and yet somehow he was in exactly the kind of bad situation that they had warned him about.

"Hey! Are you deaf bitch? Take them off!"

Peter flinched at the guy's sudden change of tone. He took his boxers off and placed them on the chair. He stood naked beside the bed.

The creep with the knife looked him over.

"Mmm very nice. You are exactly my type Michael. We are going to have some fun."

Peter was so glad he hadn't told him his real name.

He pushed Peter on to the bed and made him lie face down. Peter had tears streaming down his face as he lay there on the musty bed covers. He could feel the cold blade of the knife as the creep ran it along the back of his legs and back. He pushed Peter's legs apart and he could feel the creep's hand trailing along the inside of his thigh. Peter felt so ashamed and degraded, he didn't want this, he didn't know how to make it stop. The creep sucked on his thumb and then rubbed it along Peter's entrance pushing the tip just inside, laughing as Peter squirmed at his touch. Then he felt him run the handle of the knife along his ass cheeks and rub it against his entrance too, toying with him, letting him know he was in control and one wrong move and the knife would no longer play 'nice'. Peter was petrified. He had very little sexual experience, he had only slept with one person and that was his late girlfriend. He had indulged in some sexual touching with both guys and girls but it never went any further.

Peter felt completely terrified. He had never been penetrated before and he was scared. He could feel himself sweating, but worse he had a nervous erection and he was afraid the creep would see it and think Peter was turned on.

"Turn over" the instruction was cold.

Peter hesitated and the creep grabbed his hair and pulled him up by it until he was on his knees and then he clocked Peter's erection and laughed. "Oh Pretty little bitch likes it hard eh?"

The creep roughly grabbed hold of Peter's cock and started yanking it hard, hurting him.

Peter shouted at him "Stop it, Why are you doing this? You are fucking hurting me, what did I do to you you fucking asshole?!"

He tried to push the creep away and climb off the bed. The guy grabbed Peter by his throat and pulled him off the bed, making him cough and splutter. He grabbed his hair and pulled his head back standing behind him, then he took the knife and held it up against Peter's throat

"What did I tell you about playing nice you goddamned bitch?"

Peter's face was soaked with tears and he was in total panic.

"You listen to me, you are nobody, nothing, nobody gives a shit about you! I will do whatever I want to you and you will take it!"

Why he said it Peter will never know but he screamed at the guy "NO! You motherfucking rapist I am NOT going to take shit from you!!"

He tried to break free, but the guy locked his arms behind his back and brought him down to his knees. He grabbed Peter's throat and holding him back he took the knife and sliced him deeply across his chest, Peter felt the hot sting of the cut and cried out, blood started gushing out of the wound and down his body. He was crying so hard, he could see how deep the wound was, it looked bad. Without his healing factor he had no chance of it subsiding any time soon.

The creep shouted at Peter to sit on the edge of the bed. Peter complied, he sat on the bed and cried as the biting pain from the knife wound pulsed through him. To his horror the creep undid his pants and dropped them half way down his legs, revealing a large tattoo of a swordfish skeleton on his thigh. He wasn't wearing any underwear and Peter could see his erection. He knew what was coming and he felt sick. He didn't know what to do, the pain and the blood from the wound had really freaked him out.

"So here is what you are going to do you little slut. You are going to open your pretty boy mouth and you are going to suck my dick like you have never sucked anything better in your whole life. If I don't think you are doing it right I will take this knife and I will cut you again and I will keep cutting you until you do as you are told."

Peter physically shook at the sight of the blade still coated in his blood. He reluctantly opened his mouth and the creep rammed his cock inside, making Peter gag as he roughly jabbed it towards the back of his throat.

"Take it all bitch, you are nothing! You are useless, all you are good for is to suck my cock!"

Peter had snot and tears running down his face and blood streaming down his body and he felt like he was in hell. He had a horrible sour salty taste in his mouth and he couldn't breathe properly. He tried to block out the sound of the creep grunting every time he thrust into Peter's mouth. As he squeezed his eyes shut he felt an angry sensation rise up inside him and the words the creep had spat at him rang in his ears. He was not nothing, he was not useless and he was not going to be abused any more by this fucking pervert.

With all his strength Peter bit down hard on the creep's cock, tearing the skin. He heard an almighty wail as the creep screamed in pain and peter felt his mouth fill up with blood. The creep frantically released himself from Peter and started clawing at his groin. Peter jumped up, grabbed his clothes and ran naked out the door and down the corridor. He left the creep doubled over on the floor. He saw a fire escape door and he pushed it open on to a metal staircase. He shut the door behind him and hurriedly put his clothes on, but he had forgotten his shoes and socks so he ran down the stairs in his bare feet, not caring because all he wanted was to get away from the disgusting abuser.

Peter ran for what seemed like ages, along the streets, block after block. His face was a mess, blood all down his chin, his feet were numb from walking barefoot and his chest soaked with blood from the wound. People stared at him, but as often in a big city they quickly averted their eyes. He turned onto a quieter street and promptly tripped over some trash cans. He landed hard on the sidewalk, hurting his elbow. He sat up and moved over to the edge of the pavement and just sat and cried. He had nothing left inside him, he was completely empty. He put his head in his hands and let all the emotion roll out. At that point Peter wished he was dead.

A woman came out of the dry cleaners across the street, she had witnessed Peter's fall and then watched him as he broke down.

"Hey there are you alright? Do you need some help? Where are your shoes? Oh my god you are bleeding, what has happened?"

Peter just sat and said nothing, he was completely lost.

The woman went and got her husband and together they lifted Peter to his feet and took him inside the dry cleaners. In the back of the shop there was a bathroom and the woman got a chair and sat Peter down.



She went to lift his shirt and he shook his head and got in a state "NO please, don't please."

The woman reassured Peter and instead she wiped his face with some warm water and a cloth. She got him a soda from a small fridge and went off to find him some clothes from the rack of unclaimed tickets.

Peter sat in the warmth of the dry cleaners, the noises and voices felt soothing, he knew these were good people.

The woman came back with a coat and two shirts, a sweater and some trousers.

"You can have these they look your size, they have been here months, nobody has collected them."

She gave Peter a towel and told him to take his time and get cleaned up in the bathroom and she would make sure nobody disturbed him. She asked him his shoe size and said she was calling her sister down the block who worked in the thrift store to see if they had any shoes for him. With that she left him alone.

Peter quickly locked the bathroom door. He stripped out of his blood-soaked clothes and started cleaning himself up, trying to wash away the stomach-churning feeling of the abuse he had suffered.

The wound on his chest was bad, it really needed stitches but he couldn't face trying to get to a medical centre where they would ask him too many questions. The bleeding had calmed down so he cleaned the wound with soapy water and patted it dry with the towel. He took one of the shirts and ripped it into strips and wrapped it round his chest like a bandage, padding the wound to keep it dry. Then he put the other clothes on and unlocked the door and sat back on the seat.

Shortly the woman returned, she had some shoes in Peter's size and she had some socks for him to put on. Peter asked if he could throw his old clothes in the trash and she stuffed them in a bag and took them away. She looked at him sitting there and smoothed her hand over his head. Tears formed in his eyes at her kindness and he thanked her. She waved it away and as a final gesture she gave him twenty Dollars so he could get some food.

"You look way too skinny!" she laughed warmly.

Peter thanked her husband.

"Any time kid, just be careful out there! Don't be giving my wife a heart attack!"

As he walked to the door Peter picked up a leaflet with the name of the Dry Cleaners. One day he would repay their kindness.

Peter believes the couple from the dry cleaners saved his life that day. The woman was like an angel the way she came to his rescue. He believes somehow Aunt May sent her to help him. Their warm kindness made Peter realise that no he wasn't going to give up because he couldn't. In his mind he saw Aunt May and Uncle Ben and how much love and care they had given him and he owed it to their memory to keep going. They always believed in him and so did Gwen and he had to give himself a chance. He couldn't let the horrific events of that day take his inner spark away. He was a good person.

-This was so hard to write because I love these characters so much and I hate the idea of one of them being in pain.

-The name Franny comes from my grandmother who was called Frances.

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Summary

Wade sets a trap and Deadpool goes hunting. Peter and Wade get closer. Peter regains his strength.

### Chapter Notes

Trigger warning: This chapter contains graphic violence and references to sexual abuse.

On the flipside it also has lots of LOVE!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After he finished telling him the story, Peter saw the haunted look in Wade's eyes and the tears spilling down his face. He had omitted to tell him about his history as Spider-Man and losing his powers, but he told him everything else. Now they both sat in silence. Peter's face was soaked from crying and he felt exhausted, but in a weird way he also felt relieved that he had finally been brave enough to talk about the harrowing event that had plagued his mind all these months.

Wade couldn't speak, he moved in close next to Peter and kissed his face, holding him tight against his chest. He wanted Peter to feel how strongly his heart was beating for him, how much he loved him and how painful it had been to hear what happened to him. He wanted to hold Peter like this for the rest of his life. He never wanted to let him go. He would do anything to protect him.

*I am going to find that rapist fuck and I'm going to kill him.....slowly.*

"Peter, Baby Boy, I will never let anybody hurt you, do you hear me? I have friends, connections, they will help us, they will help you, nobody is going to take you away from me. Peter I care about you and I will do everything it takes to keep you safe." Wade held Peter's face in his hands and kissed him softly on his lips. Then he looked into his eyes "Peter I love you so much."

Peter felt something so pure in his heart for Wade it was like this was always meant to be, fate had drawn them together somehow and he had felt happy and comfortable around Wade from day one. He couldn't explain it but it just felt right. "I love you too Wade." He felt so happy to be able to say those words to him and mean them with all his heart. He saw Wade's face light up like a Christmas tree.

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As predicted the video of Peter and Franny's reunion at the soup kitchen was splashed all over the tv and it had gone viral online, everybody praising Peter 'The Hero' and asking who he was and where had he disappeared to and who was the 'mystery hooded figure' who had pulled him away.

Peter watched the footage over and over on all the channels and online posts, he could see his face staring straight into the camera looking stunned and then a commotion and people standing up

blocking the view as he saw a glimpse of Wade's hoodie and him dragging Peter out into the street. He knew this was going to stir up trouble, he could feel it in his gut.

Wade had been trying to reassure him and acting like everything would be ok, busying the pair of them with everyday domestic stuff and keeping things light-hearted. But all the while he was seething inside and worse he had a pretty good idea who the creep was who had abused his beautiful angel.

That night Wade secured the apartment and made sure Peter had a fully charged phone, ordering him to lock the door behind him as he left for 'work'.

Oh I'm going to work alright....time to make some chimichangas!

Wade made a call to his friend Weasel, his bar was usually the meeting place for anybody looking for trouble or for somebody to clean up other trouble, either way it was the best place to start. Wade had felt like ripping his own heart out and stamping on it when he listened to Peter telling him about the attack, his whole body had gone rigid with rage. He hadn't shown his true feelings to Peter as he didn't want to scare him, but in truth Wade was on a mission.

When Peter had described the creep's tattoo Wade realised he had seen that tattoo. He also knew that this guy was a real nasty piece of work and it wasn't the first time Wade had come across him and unbeknownst to Peter this asshole even had a scar courtesy of one of Deadpool's knives.

Wade had taken on a job a few years previously which was slightly different as it was more of a favour to a friend. The owner of his favourite takeaway joint had told Deadpool about his son who had walked out after a family dispute but then had gone missing, it had been two weeks and nobody had seen him and the police were not being very helpful. The kid was fourteen years old with a face like pure sunbeams and a build that made him a prime target for predatory monsters. Wade had put the feelers out and before long word got back to him about a sleazebag called Lenny, known as "Fish-Bone" to his closest allies. He had a taste for young guys, especially vulnerable inexperienced ones. His weapon of choice was a knife with a Death Mermaid design in black onyx on the handle. Wade had heard guys discussing the knife.

He had soon got hold of an address where the creep had been sighted and he had a young guy with him. When Deadpool crashed into the window of the apartment in question he had not been quite ready for what he found. This fucked up bastard had the kid sitting naked in the corner with a heavy leather collar round his neck attached to a chain secured to a metal ring on the wall. He had a muzzle on his face and his hands were tied behind his back with leather cuffs. The kid was covered in bruises and cuts and he had tears rolling down his face.

Wade had rushed over and told the kid his parents had sent him. He sliced through the chain with his katana and used the blade to slice open the cuffs, he undid the muzzle only to find that the kid had a gag in his mouth as well, when he removed it he coughed and gasped for breath, crying uncontrollably. Wade had undone the clasps on the collar and thrown it across the room and that's when he saw Fish-Bone standing with the knife in his hand. He was dressed in a pair of black satin shorts and there on his thigh was a large tattoo of a swordfish skeleton. He stood there staring at Deadpool with a look that told Wade he knew he was out of his depth. Just as Wade thought, he was a coward as well as a rapist.

Wade had ripped down a curtain from the window and wrapped the boy in it picking him up in his arms, the kid had clung on to him. He was going to just leave with the kid, but he looked at his scared face and realised this kid needed to see what a pathetic loser this guy was. He set him down reassuring him not to worry and he marched over to the creep who was cowering down at the sight of Deadpool's large frame. No, this worm only picked on the defenseless. Wade had lifted him up

by his throat and shoved him against the wall, he had unstrapped a large knife from his leg holster and pointed it at the creep's face.

"You like cutting up kids you rancid motherfucking peado? Well guess what? I like knives too and my favourite game is making pervert sushi! I will slice you up and serve you on a platter you sack of weeping gonorrhea!"

The creep was begging Deadpool for his life and The Merc laughed at his whimpering

"Lo siento hombrecito I do believe I have made you cry! That's a WIN for me! So let me show you what happens to soft shit sundaes, they get a nice hard cherry on top!"

With that Deadpool had driven the knife through the creep's shoulder with such force it impaled him on to the wall. He had screamed out in pain as Wade ran back over to get the kid and just as they were leaving he turned and blew the creep a kiss "Parting is such sweet sorrow" Deadpool sang in a poetic voice as he fluttered his fingers.

The memory of that night served to make Wade even more enraged and determined to nail this weirdo. His call to Weasel confirmed what he had hoped would happen. The creep had clearly seen the footage of Peter and recognised him. He had already been hanging round in Weasel's bar looking for a Merc to take a job which involved 'kidnapping a twink-tease who owed him big time'. Wade had told Weasel to stop anybody from taking the job as he was having this baby. He knew the minute the other Mercs heard Deadpool wanted that gig they would back off. He told Weasel to get the guy's card. A dark grin formed on Wade's face.

Oh we're going to have SUCH fun, I may even wear my favourite dress and panties.

This dickwad was going to regret the day he hurt Peter, he was going to discover that Deadpool was about to become his worst nightmare.

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Wade had a second apartment a couple of blocks away, it was where he kept everything and anything Deadpool-related. It was less complicated this way and allowed Wade to switch off properly in his actual home.

The other place was a simple one-bedroom apartment with a living room, a small open-plan kitchen and a decent bathroom. It had minimal furnishings and mainly a lot of storage space to contain Wade's extensive weapon collection. It was somewhere Wade could off-load Deadpool and take a breather before returning to his 'regular' life. Now Peter was living with him it had become even more crucial for Wade to have this space. Peter had bought into Wade's story that he worked in the morgue and he could even explain how sometimes he came home freshly showered, telling Peter they had facilities at the hospital for when there were too many 'spillages' involving bodily fluids. Wade knew Peter was squeamish about that so he purposely mentioned it to shut his questions up. It also played into Wade's knowledge of anatomy and access to medical supplies, all which of course he had acquired to tend to his own injuries and many years of being a Mercenary. Wade may have been left with an extensive healing factor as a result of the torture he had been exposed to, but it hadn't always been that way.

The other reason it suited Wade to keep this side of his life separate was because of his aching libido. The truth was that Deadpool got aroused from donning his suit and going out slicing up bad guys all night. He had become more choosy these days about the jobs he took on, opting for the big cash and the really nasty guys. Nobody was going to miss those fuckers. All the adrenaline and intensity of the jobs he completed left him feeling incredibly horny. It's like he needed to release all

the energy once he got back and removed his suit.

He would usually end up back at this apartment after a job, strip off, shower, then aggressively jerk-off, starting in the shower and then progressing to the bedroom where he would pleasure himself with an array of sex toys he had stashed in a bag beside the bed. He would come at least three or four times, his healing factor causing him to get hard over and over.

Lately it had become much worse because of how he felt about Peter and the knowledge that he was back at their home sleeping in his bed looking all beautiful and desirable. Wade knew he couldn't make any kind of moves on Peter because he had to take it slow, Peter had gone through hell. He had allowed Wade to kiss and cuddle him, but nothing further and to his shame it was driving The Merc insane. Usually by the time he returned home he had gotten all his pent up frustrations out of his system and he could just be gentle and caring around Peter. He was holding on by a thread and since that first kiss he had been feeling increasingly more turned on. Every time Peter took a shower or left Wade alone in his room he had needed to release that tension while breathing in Peter's scent on one of his t-shirts. Peter had remarked he thought Wade's laundry habits were a bit excessive, but he had no idea of the real, rather more sticky, reason.

Wade got a twitch just thinking about it, but for now he was going to have to channel that energy into something far more important. He had a fish bone to remove.

He grabbed two guns and some ammo and wedged one in the back of his jeans and the other inside his jacket before making his way over to Weasel's bar. He had called the number on the creep's card and arranged to meet him. When he got there the usual reprobates were hanging out, drinking and picking fights with each other. Wade nodded at Weasel who slid a drink across to him, pointing to the table at the back of the bar.

"There's your guy. Oh and Wade just how much cleaning up am I going to have to do when you've finished with him? I mean I know it's just business and all that but man I really don't feel like scooping up another shitbag's brains tonight."

Wade smirked "Yeah yeah don't fret dearest I'll be good."

Wade sat across from the creep and observed him, he looked surprisingly more average than the last time they had met. Wade noticed the chain with the cross Peter had mentioned and he was wearing dark clothing, clearly his preferred attire, neutral and unassuming.

*Just ram the gun in his face and pull the trigger!*

*No no that would be far too easy.*

*We are going to play with this one.*

*Deadpool seriously needs to recharge his batteries with this fuck knuckle!*

"You Wade?" The creep's eyes darted around him.

Wade half grinned and flicked the card at him. "Ready and able, what's going down?"

The creep cracked his knuckles as he told Wade he needed someone kidnapping "This cocky fucking twink tease owes me big time, he thought he could treat me like shit after I offered to set him up and look after him. He tried to fucking kill me! I've been looking for him for some time and there he was on tv, I couldn't believe it! Real smug little shit, they're calling him a hero, he ain't nothing but scum believe me, that woman is lucky he didn't fuck her himself, he's a cheap whore. Real good at the self-pity routine. He plays the poor little lost kid card real good, but I'm telling

you he likes it hard and nasty." The creep shook his head with a sleazy guttural laugh.

Wade sat and stared at him, his eyes glaring.

*I am going to slice you open from your infected greasy mouth right down to your half bitten rancid cock you lying fucking cunt!*

Wade grimaced and accepted the job, the creep gave him an address where he was to drop off 'The Twink' as soon as he had located him and part of the deal was that Wade put the frighteners on him, get him good and scared. Then he wanted him to leave them alone until the creep was done with him and then he wanted Wade to 'finish him off' and 'dispose of the body'.

*The only body getting disposed of is yours.*

~~~~~

Wade had returned home to an anxious Peter, he had been getting himself all worked up in Wade's absence. Every time he heard an unfamiliar noise outside the apartment he would clam up, thinking it was somebody coming to kill him.

Wade wanted Peter to feel safe, he hated seeing him so worried.

"Hey sweet pea come over here." Wade beckoned Peter to come and sit with him on the sofa. Peter took it to mean Wade wanted him to sit on his lap and promptly planted himself right on top of Wade's strong thighs. Wade's heart leapt in his chest.

"I hate seeing you like this sweetheart, please just try and relax." He stroked Peter's hair and smoothed his hand down his back trying to calm him. Gently he placed a kiss on Peter's cheek, he wanted to wrap his whole body around him but Wade knew Peter was struggling with too many emotions.

Peter took Wade's hand and kissed it, he turned and straddled his lap, his arms round Wade's shoulders and his face buried in his neck. He breathed in Wade's scent, it was heady and musky, Peter couldn't get enough of it. He rubbed his nose against Wade's jaw and slowly moved to his mouth. Peter bit his lip and glanced up at Wade through his long dark lashes. The Merc felt like fucking weeping at how seductive Peter looked in that single moment.

He grabbed Peter's head and kissed him firmly, prizing open the younger man's mouth with his tongue. Peter moaned into the kiss and tightened his embrace, he moved his tongue round Wade's and felt the soft sensation of the scarred tissue on The Merc's lips.

Wade had his hand on Peter's thigh and he squeezed it. He felt Peter's body stiffen slightly but he also heard his quick breaths telling him he was turned on. Peter laid his head back and exposed his neck allowing Wade to mouth the soft skin, nuzzling and delicately tasting him. He felt Peter start to move in his lap, grinding his hips forward, moaning as he pushed himself into Wade's groin.

The Merc's head was spinning. He had no idea what to do. Peter was clearly enjoying their intimacy but he wasn't sure how far he could go. He didn't want to spoil the moment by pushing things too much and freaking Peter out. He wanted to take things slowly until he knew for certain that Peter was feeling completely at ease. Worse than that Wade was having trouble getting that sleazebag Fish Bone out of his mind, the things he had said made his blood boil. He kept getting flashes in his head of that disgusting prick with his hands on Peter.

My beautiful heavenly Peter.

He must know what he's doing to me.

Hey Wade he really is a Twink Tease!

Come on Wade you could take him right now, pin him down and hurt him.

Yeah Deadpool introduce his soft spot to your hard spot.

That guy was right, he's a little slut Wade!

Oh no no no FORGET IT!

"Stop it please just STOP!" Wade suddenly exclaimed too loudly.

Peter's body went rigid and his head shot up. "What?!" He stared at Wade.

"Nothing Baby Boy, I just let my thoughts run away with me."

Peter started to move off Wade's lap. "You told me to stop it. In fact no you just pleaded for me to stop!" Peter's face was flushed red and his eyes were wide. Wade could see tears forming as he tried to grab Peter's arm.

"Don't fucking touch me!" Peter was clearly upset, but it was more than that, he sounded angry, his voice different.

"I can't do this Wade, I just can't do it anymore. I have all these feelings for you and I am dealing with so much shit in my head, yet I felt secure enough to try and take things a little further with you tonight and you fucking REJECTED ME?!!!"

Wade was shaking his head "No Baby B...Peter you've got it all wrong, I had thoughts in my head, I'm sorry."

Peter glared at Wade "OH thoughts? Well they can't have been very nice thoughts if you shouted at me to stop!! I thought you wanted me Wade. For weeks now I have felt you around me, felt you looking, felt your touch. I thought you liked me the same way as I like you. Clearly I was wrong, like I always seem to be!" Peter spun round, grabbed his jacket and stormed out the apartment. Wade sat open-mouthed on the sofa trying to comprehend what had just happened.

Thanks a lot you fucking assholes.

Don't let him go out alone Wade it's too dangerous.

Get him back!

Where will he go?

Don't worry I'm one step ahead of him.

Wade being the cautious caring individual that he was had considerately installed a tracking app on Peter's phone so he could keep a safe eye on him at all times. Some people would say that was possessive, creepy even, but Wade saw things differently. He needed to know Peter wasn't in any danger. He constantly fretted about his safety and if a simple app could set Wade's mind at ease then he didn't think it was an infringement on Peter's privacy. The fact that Peter didn't know anything about the app was a conversation for another time.

Wade checked his phone and headed out after Peter.


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Peter was raging as he strided along the streets, block after block all merging into one. He wasn't intentionally walking in any particular direction and it was late, most places were closed, but Peter knew somewhere that stayed open later than usual.

"Hey man so glad to see you. I think Franny thought she had upset you the other day, but I told her it was probably all just a bit too much for you to handle. She kinda ambushed you hah?" Ronnie who ran the soup kitchen was a big Samoan guy, his hands were bigger than Peter's whole head, he liked him, he always radiated a welcoming vibe.

"Yeah I'm sorry I freaked out. I was worried the guys who beat me up would see the video and come looking for more trouble, but I owe Franny my life because she got help. The guy in the hoodie, he got me back on my feet, he's the one Franny brought to me in the Alley, he said he was afraid I was dead."

Peter noticed Ronnie looked puzzled.

"Are you sure it was Franny? She never mentioned that, in fact she felt really bad for leaving you there with those guys and man I am so sorry to hear you got hurt. It explains something though, since you were last here two guys came around asking about you and I didn't like their auras man, they seemed pretty sketchy. Franny stopped working evenings here after what happened, she only comes in the mornings now."

Peter felt goosebumps over his whole body, those bastards had been looking for him.

"When were they asking after me?" Peter suddenly felt uncomfortable, a bad feeling came over him.

"The staff who were on last night said they came in again shortly before closing."

Peter felt irritation rising up inside him, he couldn't believe the arrogance of those assholes. "Ok Ronnie thanks. Have you got any coffee?" Ronnie poured him a cup and Peter gave him five Dollars for the donation box.

Peter sat with his coffee and brooded at the table. He couldn't understand how he had been so certain that he had seen something red and black when he was lifted up by Wade in the alley. If it wasn't Franny then who was it? Also it now dawned on him that Wade had continuously said that 'he' had found Peter not 'we' meaning he had been alone. His thoughts shifted to the two morons, he felt a deep-seated anger in his gut about them. He no longer felt afraid of them, he wanted to kick the shit out of them. After feeling so rejected by Wade it was like he was looking for any excuse to get into a fight.

He felt annoyed at Wade's behaviour, but part of him also understood what had happened. He had been giving Wade mixed signals. He hadn't meant to. He still felt very unsure about how far he wanted to go sexually. He knew he was crazy about Wade in every way. He thought about him every minute of the day. He knew that Wade would be gentle and caring and allow him time to adjust, but he still had a mental block when it came to going all the way. Yet at the same time his body craved Wade's touch. All his senses yearned to feel Wade, he wanted him all over his body, kissing him and holding him and when he touched himself all he thought about was Wade taking him in his mouth and feeling Wade inside him as he held him down on the bed. Peter could feel his groin stirring at the thought of Wade's body leaning over him. He longed to see him naked and eager. Peter realised he was ready to take things further with Wade, he just needed to calm down, go home and talk to him.

Peter's thoughts were broken when he noticed a car pull up outside the soup kitchen and he felt every tiny hair on his body stand on end. Two figures got out and started walking to the door. Peter turned away from them and listened as they came in and spoke to Ronnie.

"Hey big man we lookin' for a friend of ours, Peter, he sometimes comes in here, we lost his number and we saw him on tv and couldn't believe it man!"

Ronnie played it cool "Nah man he's not been round here for a while."

The two guys shuffled about and muttered something between them, then they walked out again.

"Thanks Ronnie." Peter said without looking up.

"Any time man, but are you gonna be ok when you leave here? If you like I can walk with you."

Peter smiled at Ronnie's kindness "No that's ok I'm not scared of them and I don't have far to go." Peter felt a surge of adrenaline rise up inside him, it had been a very long time since he'd had this feeling.

Outside across the street another figure waited and observed Peter, the red and black of his suit partially visible in the shadows.

Deadpool had watched the two guys get back into the car and drive a short way up the street before parking up. Neither of the guys had got out the car which told Wade they had possibly recognised Peter as he sat at the table sipping his drink. When Wade had looked at the app and realised where Peter had stopped off he had decided to suit up for this exact reason. He had a feeling that those two idiots would be hanging round. They knew Peter had survived their beating and now they were wanted by the police so of course they were going to want to finish the job they started and if they couldn't get to the woman yet then Peter was their next target.

Deadpool hung back and saw Peter say his goodbyes and walk out of the soup kitchen, but instead of walking in the direction he needed to go home he turned and looked up the street to where the car stood and started walking towards it.

*What the fuck Peter?*

The Merc stealthily followed on his side of the street, making sure he was out of sight. He watched as the two guys got out of the car and walked into the same alleyway where they had attacked Peter. Then to his horror Peter followed them down there. He ran along until he got within leaping distance of the alleyway when he heard shouting and what sounded like fighting. Deadpool pulled his Katanas out ready and made his way towards the entrance of the alley, but the sight he was met with stopped him in his tracks. Ducking back down behind a dumpster Wade observed the scene unfolding in front of him.

There was Peter throwing punches and kicking the living daylights out of the two scumbags. Wade stared open mouthed at Peter's agility and speed and just his sheer strength as he whacked these idiots all round the alley. He could hear Peter yelling at them.

"I am SICK of dirtbags like you treating me like I am WEAK! You want to fucking play tough guys with me, well come on then what are you waiting for?? You don't look so goddamned tough now!!"

He stood over the two morons as they lay on the ground. Then when he realised they weren't reacting it was like he suddenly snapped out of whatever crazy energy he had been caught up in and his face fell. Wade saw him panic and then he took off running in the direction of home.

*Oh he's left me some play-mates*

*Brace yourselves boys it's time to meet my best girls*

Wade kissed his katanas and made his way towards the two scumbags. By now they had started coming to and were rolling on the floor groaning.

"Hola mis amigos we meet again! Except this time you're not going to be all shy and run away. Damn if I'd realised this was a date I'd have brought you some flowers!" Deadpool shimmied his hips as he approached them.

They clocked him coming towards them, katanas in hand and they attempted to crawl away. One had managed to prop himself up against the wall and just as he lifted his head to see where Deadpool was the cold sharp blade sliced through his neck cutting his head clean off, it rolled onto the floor and Deadpool whistled.

"Ah mi amor why you losing your head over me?" He pretended to swoon as he put the back of his hand to his forehead. Then he swung round and saw the second guy trying to crawl away.

Deadpool kicked him in the middle of his back and he slumped to the ground. The Merc stood over him as he whined and pleaded for his life.

"No nope nopity no no....you played your ace card already Captain Fantastic and now it's time to fly fly fly." With that Deadpool raised the other katana and brought it down straight through the second guy's neck, his head cut clean off.

"Ah shucks Romeo I guess you won't be standing under my balcony any time soon." Deadpool looked around, there was blood everywhere and then he had a great idea. He set about organising his little joke and then he retreated from the alleyway, glancing back one more time to giggle at his mischief.

He climbed up the fire escape across the street and made his way back to his bolt hole to get out of his bloodied suit. Before he reached the apartment he made an anonymous call to the police from his burner phone and pretended to be a concerned citizen who had just witnessed somebody getting stabbed. He wanted them to find the bodies because he wanted Peter to see that they were no longer a threat to anybody. This was Deadpool's warped idea of a gift.

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When Wade finally arrived back home Peter had gone to bed, his bedroom door slightly ajar. Wade wanted so much to just go in Peter's room and crawl into bed with him. He had so many questions but right at that moment all he needed was to feel close to the man he had fallen in love with.

"Wade? Where are you?" Peter's voice broke the silence.

"I'm here Baby Boy, I went out looking for you. I was worried about you. I am so sorry I upset you, but you got it all wrong." Wade leaned against the door frame of Peter's bedroom.

"Wade please come here, I need to talk to you about something." Peter's voice sounded hoarse.

Wade pushed the door open and saw Peter sitting up in bed with the lamp on beside him. His eyes looked wide and panicked and Wade could see he had been crying.

"So many tears my angel, you'll be dehydrated."

Peter couldn't find it in himself to smile or even respond he just looked at Wade with the most heart wrenchingly sad face The Merc had ever seen. Wade got on the bed beside him and kicked off his shoes. He took Peter in his arms and pulled him on top of his chest so they were laying down together. He ran his fingers through his thick brown hair and softly kissed his forehead.

"I'm so glad you are ok Baby Boy." Wade squeezed him tight.

"But I'm not ok, far from it. I think I may have killed two people tonight." Peter's voice sounded odd, hollow, like a pre-recorded message on a machine.

Wade knew he had to tread carefully as he didn't want to scare Peter. "Say what now? What the hell happened?"

Peter sat up on the bed and looked at Wade with an earnest expression. "When I left here I walked over to the soup kitchen where Franny works."

"Oh your blonde girlfriend." Wade purposely pretended to be jealous, something that wasn't entirely untrue.

Peter frowned at him. "Stop it! I need to explain."

Wade let Peter tell him his side of the story and tried to be soothing and understanding, but he knew full well what fate had befallen the two sleazebags and he wasn't going to let Peter tie himself in knots over his perceived guilt. "Ok Baby Boy I am sure you didn't kill anybody. You lost it with those scumbags and if anything that's good, shows you that they are just a pair of losers who got lucky because you were so much more vulnerable when they first attacked you."

Peter shook his head "But Wade I left them both there and they weren't moving, I really lost it Wade, I mean big style."

Wade smirked.

Oh yeah and it made my dick weep tears of joy!

"I think we should go to the alleyway and check if they are still there." Peter got off the bed and started pulling out clothes.

"Whoah there hang on. I really don't think that's a good idea. I mean those creeps will be long gone by now. Also...erm well what if there's police and shit? I mean the last thing you want is to look suspicious." Wade realised that may not have been the right thing to say. "Not that anything bad will have happened, I'm just covering all bases. Those guys will have fucked off believe me. It's a lot harder to kill someone than you think.....eh.. I imagine."

Way to go big mouth.

Peter stood at the end of the bed, he had already started getting changed, but he stopped and hung his head. "I don't know what to think or feel anymore Wade. I felt so angry when I left here and then when Ronnie told me those creeps had been asking about me it was like I just saw red with rage. I wanted to fight them, hurt them like they had hurt me, but when I realised how crazy I'd gone and they were lying there I suddenly felt afraid again. I don't want to be that violent angry person, it's not who I am in my heart." He dropped his shirt on the floor and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Ok Peter I'm going to take over here, you shouldn't be worrying about any of this crap. You lost your shit with two assholes and the fact that there isn't a mark on you tells me things can't have

been that bad. I think you need to try and unwind your body. I'm going to run you a bath full of bubbles and I am ordering you to relax." Wade clambered off the bed and hummed his way into the bathroom.

Peter felt a wave of reassurance come over him. He was so glad Wade had found him that night, he couldn't imagine a life without him in it now. He wanted to show Wade how much he loved him, get closer to him. He just wished he could get beyond his fears. He knew Wade loved him and he was being so patient. Peter wanted to go further, but he didn't want Wade to feel like he was leading him on and his reaction earlier that night had shown Peter that Wade was having a hard time too. Peter wanted to explain his previous life to Wade, tell him about Spider-Man and his super strength. He also realised his healing factor had started to return because like Wade had pointed out there wasn't a mark on him. He hoped it would restore itself completely soon, he hoped it would remove the scar from his chest. Until that happened Peter felt branded in some way by that disgusting creep.

"Ok sweet pea your tub awaits, I put those extra fluffy bubbles in and there's a nice big soft towel for you, so go and soak those worries all away. I'm going to order us some food ok Baby Boy?"

Peter smiled and nodded "I need noodles, lots of them please."

With that Peter went to the bathroom. His eyes lit up when he saw the bubbles. How was this man so adorable? He felt certain Wade was pure marshmallow on the inside. He took his clothes off and lowered himself into the warm water, his body feeling instantly relaxed. The warm water felt secure and pleasing. It also felt weirdly familiar to be sitting in the tub. He knew it was a subconscious memory of Wade cleaning him up after he found him.

The idea that Wade had seen him naked and vulnerable and had been so caring towards him filled Peter with a strange pleasure. He wished Wade was there now leaning over the bath tub washing his body. He knew he was only in the next room, but he couldn't bring himself to call his name. Instead he stroked himself under the water. It didn't take long for Peter to increase his touch and he found himself jerking off with his hand clasped tight around his cock and all he could think about was Wade. His orgasm was fast but oh so sweet as he let out a whimper and quickly covered his mouth to stop any more noises from escaping.

Outside the bathroom Wade stood with his face pressed up against the door, his hand was inside his pants rubbing himself as he listened to Peter's short moans and then that last whimper had sent Wade over the edge and he came in his hand.

Fuck.

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When Peter came back out of the bathroom wrapped in the large towel Wade noticed his face was flushed and he looked like every wet dream The Merc had ever wished for. Wade averted his gaze before it became awkward and started fussing over the food that he'd ordered.

Peter put on some PJs and together they sat and ate, not saying much, just enjoying each other's company.

When they had finished Wade was lying on his back groaning because as usual he had stuffed his face with twice as much food than he'd needed to. Peter laughed at him rolling around holding his stomach. He felt much more at ease, fears about the two scumbags had drifted away as he allowed Wade to fill his thoughts instead. He still had a warm glow inside from the bath and his moment of pleasure, he felt himself blush at the thought. Wade picked up on Peter's tender gaze.

*Three guesses what he is thinking about.*

Peter caught Wade's eye and grinned at him "What are you looking at?"

Wade winked "The best view in the city, it's all moonbeams and starlight baby."

Peter looked down and bit his lip as he smiled shyly. Wade felt his heart do a triple somersault in his chest.

"Hey I think I'm going to get in bed, want to snuggle up? " Wade threw caution to the wind and tried to sound as casual as he possibly could considering his heart was in his mouth. Peter felt his groin tighten as he accepted Wade's invite.

Peter loved Wade's bed, it smelt of him and the familiar sweetness of coconut. Wade had gone for a quick shower, or in Wade's case a quick hand-job to take the edge off his delight that Peter was now in his bed. When he came back into the bedroom he had a t-shirt and PJ pants on and a smile as wide as the ocean. He got in bed and put his arm around Peter who in turn snuggled up against Wade's torso.

"Wade?" Peter looked up at him.

"Yes Baby Boy." Wade had a lazy smile on his face.

"Wade I've been thinking about what happened earlier and I realise I have been giving you mixed signals. I didn't mean to it's just that my head is all over the place, one minute I feel fine and then the next I'm so anxious I feel like I'll pass out. What I do know is that my feelings for you are true and I really want us to be more intimate. I would really like for us to go further but I need you to understand that I have no idea how much further until we try. I just don't want you to feel rejected if I have to stop."

Wade's heartbeat shot up, he wanted nothing more than to explore Peter's body and take it really slow. "Peter whatever makes you happy will always be enough for me, I won't ever force you to do something you don't want to. You mean too much to me."

Peter moved up to Wade's face and kissed him full on his lips. "I love you Wade Wilson, you are the one thing that makes me happy."

Wade tried to swallow the lump in his throat, but it was too late and tears streamed down his face. "Thank you Baby Boy, you have no idea how good that makes me feel. I love you too Peter, I have since the moment I wrapped you up in this bed and watched your beautiful face sleeping." Feeling happy and content they snuggled up together and drifted off to sleep.

Wade woke some time later to the golden glow of the morning light and Peter kissing his neck, moaning so softly it was barely a whisper.

"You ok Sweet Cheeks?"

Peter replied with a hum and Wade felt his hand slip under his t-shirt stroking his abdomen. The Merc turned to face Peter and pulled his body up against his, mouthing at his neck and jaw, whispering to him how much he turned him on.

"You're so beautiful. I have been dreaming about holding you like this. Every time I'm near you I lose my goddamned mind."

That was music to Peter's ears and he sighed, pressing his groin against Wade, feeling his already

rock-hard erection. Wade held back and let Peter take the lead, he was just happy to be there so anything more was a bonus.

"Wade I think I would like you to touch me, but just over my clothes at the moment, is that ok?" Wade nodded and eagerly trailed his fingers over the fabric of Peter's PJs seeking out the firm bulge in his crotch.

*Oh hello, would you like fries with that giant steak?!*

Peter felt Wade cupping him over his PJs and pushed his groin further into the warm hand. Wade responded by lightly squeezing Peter's cock through the fabric, making him breathe faster. Peter climbed on top of Wade, straddling him, bearing down on his crotch, rolling his hips. Wade didn't take his eyes off Peter's face, he looked so breathtaking as he gave in to his desires, his mouth half-open and his eyes glazed over as he grinded on top of Wade. He dug his fingers into Peter's thighs and moved with him, slowly edging his hands up towards the stretched fabric over Peter's erection. All the while Peter made cute little moans every time he let out a short quick breath.

"Ah Wade, please." Peter pleaded.

The Merc took that as the green light for him to proceed, wanting so desperately to touch Peter's bare skin. He started to lower the elastic waistband of Peter's PJs and slowly caressed the skin on his lower abdomen, it was soft and warm and Wade loved the light trail of dark hair that smoothed up to his bellybutton. "So beautiful" he whispered. He could feel his own pulsing hard-on pushing up against the base of Peter's balls.

*Holy unicorns he is sweeter than a candy cane.*

Peter's heartbeat rapidly increased as he felt Wade's scarred hands on such a sensitive part of his skin. Initially it was driving him wild, but then he felt a panic rising in his chest. He was trying to fend off the anxiety that was creeping up on him. He wasn't ready for more, but he felt unsure how to tell Wade to stop. At the same time a tiny voice inside was telling him he wanted this more than anything. He felt Wade's thumb slip inside his PJs rubbing along the skin just above his cock and once again the tight feeling rose up, making him gasp for air. He couldn't do it. He felt too exposed, like he had that day, lying naked on the bed. An image flashed before his eyes of the knife, always the blade covered in Peter's blood and the menacing face of the creep grimacing as he humiliated him.

Peter squeezed his eyes shut and suddenly felt himself start to get upset. Wade had already stopped touching him when he saw the worried look on Peter's face.

"Wade I am so sorry I just can't do any more. I just can't shake the bad images in my mind. I really hate myself for stopping right now, please understand." He tried to climb off Wade but the big Merc stopped him and instead he pulled Peter down on to his chest and held him close.

"Just lie here for a while Baby Boy, nothing else is going to happen. I want you to feel our hearts beating together and just relax okay sweet cheeks? Please don't ever apologise for the crap that messes with your head. It's not your fault, you were abused Peter and that fucking scumbag will get what's coming to him. He took a part of you and tried to break it, but Baby Boy you are so strong you keep fighting back and one day soon things will feel different, better. I love you sweetheart and I will do anything to make you feel happy and safe. Nobody is ever going to hurt you again."

Peter buried his face in Wade's shirt and knew he meant every word. "Thank you Wade, you will never know how much that means to me. I love you."

Wade's eyes flashed darkly as he thought about what he had planned for Fish Bone and a malevolent grin appeared on his face.

*I'm going to make that shit stain beg for his life and then I'm going to take it anyway.*

*Buckle up Barbara it's time for our special date!*

## Chapter End Notes

My model for Ronnie was The Rock because he's a sweetie.



## Chapter 5

### Chapter Summary

Deadpool's revenge and Peter wants the truth but gets more than he bargained for.

### Chapter Notes

Trigger warning: Graphic depiction of torture and violence as Deadpool gets his revenge. And again yes there is humour but that is because Deadpool is just being Deadpool. These characters write themselves!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The following evening Deadpool arrived at the address Fish Bone had given him. As soon as he opened the door and clocked the masked Merc he backed up with a look of terror.

"Hey sunshine remember me?" Before the creep had chance to move Deadpool had grabbed him and jammed a tranquiliser pen in his neck. Once he was completely knocked out The Merc wrapped him securely in a sheet and placed him in a large holdall. The creep was quite heavy but Deadpool lifted the bag over his shoulder with ease and made a hasty exit.

Deadpool had a secure unit in an old meat processing warehouse. He had rescued the owner's daughter from a gang of traffickers causing the owner to tell Wade he was forever in his debt, so it was the perfect place to take his prisoner, isolated and deserted. The unit was basically the old chiller, windowless and pretty soundproof, just what Deadpool needed.

Wade had already prepared a few props, his favourite being the giant meat hook he'd discovered hanging from the ceiling. He opened the holdall and lifted Fish Bone out, placing him upright on a chair. He was still completely out of it. Deadpool ripped the creep's clothes off so he was entirely naked. He took a length of rope and proceeded to tie the pervert's hands up in such a way that he could hang him from the hook. He placed a blindfold over his eyes and inserted a ball gag into the creep's mouth, fastening the leather straps tight. Over the gag he placed a muzzle, just like the one he had found on the poor kid he'd rescued. He tied the creep's ankles to a metal bar that kept his legs apart. Then he hoisted Fish Bone up and hung him with his arms above his head from the hook, stood back and took a polaroid.

Now the creep was hanging there Deadpool could clearly see the damage Peter had done to his cock, the scarring was right across it and it looked weirdly crooked. It wouldn't surprise Wade if there had been nerve damage. He wondered if the creep could still get a hard-on. He noticed he was wearing a tight strap round the base of his shaft and Deadpool realised this may have been to prevent erections as they could be too painful. Putting on some surgical gloves Deadpool loosened the strap and from his bag of props he produced a vibrator, coated it in lube and shoved it up the creep's ass.

*Let's see how quickly he stands to attention.*

Deadpool laughed as almost immediately Fish Bone's cock reacted and as soon as it was hard he tightened the strap to keep it like that. He went to pull the vibrator out but with a malevolent grin he decided to leave it to cause as much discomfort to the creep as possible. Then he took another photo and left him there.

*Now you be good mi Querida and I'll be back to play later.*

Wade waved him a kiss as he left.

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"Wade have you seen this?" Peter's eyes were wide with panic. He pointed at the tv where a news story was unfolding about a double homicide which involved two guys being decapitated and mutilated. The exact words were that the killer clearly had a very twisted mind or a very sick sense of humour. To Peter's horror the camera zoomed in on the exact alley way where he had left the two scumbags not forty eight hours previously. The news story had been slow to break due to the heinous crime and the clean up involved. Peter sat staring open-mouthed.

"So two assholes got their butts kicked, what next? We live in a big city, shit happens every hour of every day." Wade tried to sound as casual as he could, all the while an excited flutter filled his stomach.

I did it for you my sweetest Peter-Pickle.

"Wade you don't get it! That's the exact spot I kicked the shit out of those two guys and now they're dead and it's saying there was some kind of sick ritualistic killing! When I left them they were just lying on the ground." Peter's face was ashen. He was so confused about what could have happened. He needed more details so he checked online. After scrolling for a while he discovered it was definitely the same two guys and they had most likely been decapitated with a sword like a katana. More disturbing were the other details he found out. Not only had their heads been sliced off, but then they'd been switched over so the wrong head was placed on the wrong body. their hands had been joined like they were holding hands and their stomachs had been sliced open, their intestines draped round their necks like garlands. A piece of cardboard with the words 'Just Married' written on it had been placed in front of them.

"Oh my god that's completely messed up!" Peter gasped.

Wade smirked.

Why thank you sweet prince.

"Look Peter those sleazebags were trash and clearly they upset the wrong person. You are not to blame in any way. Now, would you like pancakes or waffles?" Wade went back to the kitchen.

Peter kept staring at the word 'Katana'. There was only one person he knew who used those kind of swords and he definitely had the sickest sense of humour on the planet.

Deadpool.

Peter shrugged the thought off, it had been almost two and a half years since he last laid eyes on The Merc and as far as Peter knew he'd left town. He remembered Wade saying he had 'contacts' that would help them, maybe one of these contacts killed the two guys, but how would Wade have known about Peter and the guys before he told him?

Unless he followed me.

Peter began to feel a bit paranoid. He didn't like the idea of Wade having those kinds of contacts and IF Deadpool was involved it could spell disaster as he was not known for his subtlety. Peter had always liked Deadpool in a way, his behaviour was extreme but also childlike, he was far too honest for his own good and he seemed to idolise Spider-Man because he was everything Deadpool wished he could be. Peter could see a goodness in him, but his unhinged behaviour was so ingrained he would never change and that's what worried Peter about any potential contact Wade could have with someone like him.

No Peter there IS nobody else like him. Deadpool is a one-off.

Peter couldn't help but snigger at the memory of Deadpool, he was annoying as hell but he had also made Peter laugh just by being completely ridiculous. They'd teamed up for a short while patrolling the city at night. Peter remembered Deadpool had just shown up one day and announced he wanted Spider-Man to show him how to be a real hero like he was. It had been mildly successful but then Deadpool had signed up for some big job and had promptly left the city. Peter had missed him in a weird kind of way, they had got on quite well in that short space of time and Peter had felt quite proud that Deadpool didn't kill one person while they worked together. He knew he heard voices and had a rapid healing factor as a result of being in some messed up testing facility, but other than that he didn't really know much about him.

Probably for the best.

Peter's unease made him realise he also didn't really know all that much about Wade. He accepted him at face value, his kindness and caring nature had completely won Peter over, but occasionally Wade made comments and had reactions that told Peter his background was perhaps a little darker than Peter would like to imagine. He seemed to know people from what Peter would consider the underbelly of society and Peter also questioned his job at the morgue, he seemed to work very odd hours. He was curious but also afraid that if he found out something bad it would change his feelings towards Wade and he would lose him.

I've only just found him and I want to keep him.

Peter watched the man he loved fussing over breakfast, he was wearing bright pink PJs and fluffy bunny slippers. His face was pure sparkles as he sang away, placing all the food on the table. Not in a million years could he be responsible for decapitating somebody.

"Hey Beautiful your breakfast feast awaits." Wade winked at Peter.

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Across town the creep had awoken in immense pain and tried to scream, the gag stopped any sound from escaping. He could feel the vibrator in his ass. The prolonged stimulation of his prostate had turned his cock a deep shade of purple as it maintained the forced erection, the strap preventing it from subsiding. It was hard enough for the creep to endure a hard-on for a few minutes let alone hours on end. The damage Peter's bite had caused made it pretty much impossible for Fish Bone to ever have sex again, something that continually fuelled the creep's desire to get revenge. He was covered in sweat and he could feel bile rising up from his gut, but he had to push it down or he would choke on his own vomit. All he could do was hang there and hope for some kind of miracle.

All miracles had been cancelled for this guy. He was not going to meet a happy end. Deadpool had but one goal and that was to make the creep suffer.

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When Deadpool returned to the warehouse he was met with a triumphant sight. There was Fish Bone in all his decrepit defeat, hanging like a wet rag. His body was shiny from all the sweat and his erection looked bloodshot, swollen and painful. He saw Deadpool approaching and started to panic, strained muffled sounds coming from the muzzle, his eyes wide with fear. The Merc circled his body and produced a holster, he pulled out Fish Bone's mermaid knife and grinned as the light from the single lightbulb caught the steel of the blade. The creep started to squirm.

Yeah that's it my little amore wiggle your hips for me.

"I stopped by your apartment and picked up this baby. Such a pretty knife, so sharp and shiny, I could almost fall in love."

Deadpool trailed the knife up and down the creep's legs, stopping just below his swollen balls.

"You introduced this knife to someone I love and told them it would cut them if they didn't play nicely. So, Fish Guts ...that's what they call you isn't it? We are going to see just how sharp this cutie really is." And with that Deadpool deftly sliced around the creep's tattoo and grabbing the edge of his skin ripped it off his leg. Fish Bone's eyes bulged and the muffled sounds of pain sounded excruciatingly desperate.

"Oh what's wrong? DID I NOT PLAY NICELY ENOUGH??" Deadpool raged at the creep.

He twirled round and slashed the creep directly across his chest in exactly the same position as Peter's scar. The creep howled into the gag.

"I get very very impatient with naughty little boys who don't let the big boys join in. You don't like big boys do you Lenny? You only pick on the smaller boys, the ones who have nothing in this world, the ones who you think nobody will miss."

Deadpool stood behind Fish Bone. He ran the knife along his ass cheeks as he yanked the vibrator out. It had long run out of battery power but by then it had already done enough damage. He could see the creep had urinated on the floor and it gave him satisfaction to think of him hanging in the space scared and alone.

Deadpool thought about Peter being all alone and this creep preying on him and it fuelled his rage. He took the knife and slashed the back of the creep's legs multiple times, watching his body shake. Then moving the handle to the creep's entrance he roughly shoved it inside over and over.

"You like it hard you little bitch? That's what you said wasn't it? Such a poet, I must buy a copy of your book!"

He ripped the knife back out of the creep's ass and walked round to the front, grabbing the chair to stand on.

Deadpool wanted to look this piece of shit straight in his eyes. He glared at him, relishing the fear in his bloodshot stare.

"Are you in pain hombrecito? I sure fucking hope so! You hurt the one person I love more than anybody in this entire world and I want you to know that I am going to kill you. Begging and crying won't help you and besides it's just so booooooring! Now, you bag of weeping dicktips get ready for my piece de resistance. I call it 'A meaty mouthful', your stinking meat to be precise!"

Deadpool untied the muzzle and loosened the gag. All the while he was humming, ignoring the sobs and pleading from Fish Bone. He stood in front of the inflated purple member and pierced it with the knife tip, the creep yelled in pain.

"Oooh he's soooo sensitive! The Daisy was the most delicate of all the flowers in the meadow." Deadpool mused aloud.

Fish Bone was begging him for some kind of relief. His leg was oozing blood where the tattooed skin had been flayed, his chest felt tight from the deep cut, the backs of his thighs burned from the slashes and his ass was torn and bleeding out. Add to that his by now irreparably damaged cock and he thought death may not be so bad after all, anything but this continuous pain and humiliation.

Deadpool took a couple more photographs, just to remind himself of this spectacle and to share with the wider world that this is what happens to evil bastards who molest innocent vulnerable people. Then he calmly took the mermaid knife and sliced Fish Bone's member clean off. The creep opened his mouth to scream but in one swift move Deadpool rammed the extracted penis straight in, half choking him in the process.

"Here, eat that! I'm sorry there's no seasoning. You like shoving your disgusting meat into people's mouths, let's see how you like it!"

Deadpool stood back and took another photo before he unsheathed his katana and sliced the creeps head clean off. He lifted the body off the hook and sat it upright on the chair, then he placed the head with the dismembered cock in it's mouth in the body's lap, as if the body was fucking the head, with the tied hands placed as if they were holding the head. He rolled up the piece of flayed skin and put it in a small bag. He scattered some of the photos round the body. Then he got a piece of cardboard and with a marker pen he wrote "Dinner For One" and laid it flat at Fish Bone's feet with the knife pinning it in place. He took one last photo, cleared away his bag and left.

As Deadpool raced back he made another anonymous call to the police this time telling them he had witnessed a shooting at the location of the warehouse. He destroyed the burner phone just to be sure, it was no longer needed now he had successfully completed his own personal mission.

"Now home to my Baby and wait for the good news to cheer him up." Deadpool had actual love hearts in his eyes as he thought about Peter's face.

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Peter had spent the whole day fending off nagging thoughts about Wade's possible involvement in the murder of the two guys. It didn't seem like he could be capable of such a horrific crime, but what about his 'friends' that he spoke of? Who were they? Peter needed to know more, he needed to settle his mind. He had been subtly looking round the apartment all day and when Wade went for shower he pulled up the rug in Wade's bedroom and moved the loose floorboards. He suspected there was a hiding place there as he'd felt the boards squeak. Peter found a couple of rolls of Canadian hundred dollar bills, a Canadian passport in Wade's name with a very handsome photo, and a gun.

*What the fuck?*

Peter had quickly laid the rug back down and stared in disbelief. He had already uncovered more than he bargained for. Also he had no idea Wade was Canadian. He kind of liked that detail though, made him that bit more interesting. Yes the gun was disturbing but the one thing that Peter couldn't shake was the passport photo of Wade before he got so scarred. He was gorgeous, rugged looking, his short hair was dark blonde and he'd had a sexy stubble and that same glint in his eye. Peter felt sure if he had met Wade looking like that his shyness would have rendered him mute. He suddenly felt guilty for thinking like that. Peter thought Wade was handsome as he was now, he had loved him from the first moment he looked into those mischievous twinkly eyes. He didn't care about the scars, they were part of him. To Peter Wade was perfect.

He decided he wasn't going to find any other clues after scanning the apartment, there weren't any other hiding places he could think of and it was difficult with Wade there. He knew he shouldn't but he planned to follow Wade to see if he really did go to the morgue. It wouldn't be easy but since Peter's super strength had started returning he had been feeling different, lighter on his feet somehow, more agile. It was a familiar feeling but one he'd not felt in a long time. It made him feel strangely confident so he knew he could easily shadow Wade when he left.

As soon as Wade had left for 'work' Peter had set about following him. He'd raced down the stairs at super speed beating the lift to the ground floor and then he'd followed Wade at close range, all the while keeping just enough distance. He watched him go into the other apartment building and then after about an hour he'd still not come out. Peter was very suspicious, Wade should have started his shift at work by that time, so Peter decided to go to the hospital and see if he was there, maybe there had been another exit to the apartment building.

When Peter finally located the hospital morgue he rang the bell at the reception and a tall skinny guy with his hair in a bun appeared. Peter asked the guy if he could speak to Wade Wilson.

"Who? No I ain't never heard of nobody called that. He doesn't work here."

Peter's heart sank, he was afraid of this. He thanked the guy and walked outside. He had definitely got the right hospital as Wade had told him and he also had a laminated pass he wore. Or rather a fake pass as Peter was now discovering. His thoughts were racing, he didn't know what to think. He decided to go home as it was very late and if Wade came back to find the apartment empty he would be worried and asking too many questions.

Peter didn't mind Wade being so clingy but sometimes he went overboard and Peter had to speak to him about 'personal space and privacy', something Wade seemed to have very little regard for. Peter also suspected Wade had put a tracking app on his phone as twice Peter had nipped out on his own and suddenly Wade had appeared in the same place acting all casual "Oh Baby Boy great minds think alike" The Merc had sweetly quipped.

*Yeah right!*

Peter knew that the building he'd seen Wade enter was the key. What was he doing there? Who lived there? It had dawned on Peter that he may uncover a truth he feared and one that could possibly mean Wade had another person in his life, but he didn't want to believe that. No, whatever it was it was definitely connected to those two guys getting killed.

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When Wade had returned in the middle of the night after dealing with Fish Bone once and for all he was still too wired. He'd gone through his usual routine of sexual gratification at his base apartment, but he couldn't shake the butterflies in his stomach.

Peter was in his own bedroom in bed, the door was shut. Wade leant his forehead on the door and breathed deeply. He wanted so badly to join Peter in bed, strip him off and take him to heaven. Each time he had felt Peter's erection through his clothes, even just a light brush against his leg, Wade's insides had been on fire. He wanted to take him in his mouth. He remembered seeing Peter naked and washing him, but he always dismissed those thoughts because of how vulnerable Peter had been and it seemed wrong somehow to think of him like that. No, he thought about what Peter's cock would look like in it's erect state and it wrecked his head. He thought about Peter's smooth creamy skin and how for a brief moment he had stroked that skin before Peter had pulled back. He wanted to feel him naked next to him.

Wade didn't know how much longer he could carry on until he acted in a way that he wouldn't be proud of and Peter would more than likely dump him and move out. He loved him but he also wanted him so badly.

Suddenly the door opened and Wade fell forward into Peter's bedroom.

Looking at The Merc lying on the floor with a stupid grin on his face, Peter shook his head.

"Oops!" Wade laughed.

"I thought I could hear you. Why are you hanging around outside my door? If you want to speak to me then just come in and wake me up, I don't mind."

Wade felt foolish but he knew why he hadn't woken Peter up, if he had seen him looking all seductive with his 'just awake' sleepy eyes Wade might have jumped on him there and then.

Peter went into the kitchen for some water. He still felt uneasy about discovering Wade had been lying about his job. He didn't know how to approach the subject or if he was going to uncover something too disturbing for them to go forward. He needed more time to figure it out and maybe Wade had changed jobs, but then why hadn't he said anything. Peter thought maybe he didn't want to worry him what with all the shit he had been going through.

"Peter Sweetums?" Wade was hovering around Peter.

"Yes, what do you want?" Peter was too tired for any of Wade's nonsense.

"If you're feeling lonely in your bed I could come and keep you company." Wade looked at the ceiling and shifted around. Peter couldn't help laughing to himself.

God he's like a needy puppy.

"Okay Wade if it stops you from hanging around like some love-sick teenager you can sleep in my bed, but I need to actually sleep ok. I have stuff to do tomorrow." Peter spoke firmly.

Wade didn't even wait for him to finish as he ran into the bedroom. Peter walked in and found him lying on his side trying to look seductive, he threw back the covers and patted the bed.

"Welcome to the boudoir sweet Prince."

Peter laughed and got in beside Wade who immediately wrapped his arms around him and nuzzled his hair. Peter felt a little lift in his belly, but he didn't want to respond to it as he needed to stay focussed about his further investigations into Wade's nocturnal activities. He was going to go to the other apartment building the following day and do some digging. He would purposely leave his phone at home so Mr snoop-a-lot Wade wouldn't know where he had gone.

But first he really needs to stop touching me there.....oh shit and there...oh my god.

Wade was stroking Peter's back and arms and he slowly reached down and dug his fingers into Peter's fleshy ass cheeks.

"Ah Baby Boy why is your ass so amazing, I really want to bite it."

Peter's eyes were wide "What? NO! What is wrong with you tonight? Wade I told you I need to sleep. Stop touching me or I'm going to kick you out of the bed."

Wade whimpered and huffed. "What is so important about tomorrow anyway? What 'things' do

you need to do and can I come too?"

Peter turned to face him "No, sometimes I have stuff to sort on my own. I don't ask you questions about where you go when you walk out of here."

Wade sulked "But I'll miss you and I'll worry about you."

Peter smirked "I'm sure you'll cope, it will only be for a few hours."

Wade went silent.

Ok Baby Boy have it your way....I'll just use the tracker app to keep an eye on you.

~~~~~

Peter's plan was abruptly halted the next day when he saw a very disturbing news flash concerning the discovery of another 'ritualistic murder' and the police concluded they were officially looking for a serial killer. Peter's mouth fell open when an image of the deceased man flashed up on screen. It was him. It was the pervert who had abused him. Peter's whole body went cold. He had blocked his face from his memory and there it was on the tv. A small part of Peter was glad he was dead, nobody needed another creep like that in the world, but another part of Peter knew that killing him wasn't going to just obliterate the pain that the creep had caused.

The news flash continued by revealing that once again the body had been decapitated and mutilated except this time it appeared to be sexually motivated. Peter needed to know more so once again he scrolled through internet sites to try and find out details. Gradually more info was being released. The weapon of choice had appeared to be a sword once again and it stated that the creep's member had been cut off and shoved in his mouth before he had been decapitated. A notice reading "Dinner for One" had also been found at the scene. There was also evidence of rectal damage and various slashes to the body including a large cut across the chest.

*Oh no.*

Peter had only ever told Wade about the chest scar.

Wade wandered into the living room "whatyawatching?" He nudged Peter's shoulder.

Peter was silent, Wade looked at him and saw that all the colour had drained from his face.

"What did you do?" Peter looked petrified.

Wade glanced at the tv and saw a reporter standing at the site of the abandoned warehouse and he realised Peter had seen that Fish Bone was dead.

"Sorry sweetums what have I done?" Wade put on his best performance.

Peter stood up and looked straight at him "Wade please tell me, do you know anything about this murder?"

Wade averted his gaze back towards the tv "What murder is this? Who is that?" He looked back at Peter "Tell me what is going on!"

Peter sighed deeply and explained to Wade who the murder victim was and about the details he had discovered. He also told Wade the police were now looking for a serial killer. Wade's eyes lit up like flares.



*Serial killer? A girl is flattered.*

"Peter if this is true then you should be celebrating! That creep got what was coming to him big style! I will be honest that I did ask a few people about him as you mentioned the fish tattoo and Peter he was known as a scumbag. He abducted a fourteen year old kid a few years back and messed him up pretty bad. Sooner or later creeps like him get what's coming to them, you were definitely not the only one he abused."

Peter heard Wade's reasoning, but he couldn't settle his mind. He did not condone the killing, no matter how bad the guy had been, it just wasn't who Peter was. He believed in justice and making criminals answer for their crimes, but not by ending their lives, especially not when the killer seemed to have enjoyed it so much. And who were these 'people' Wade had asked? No it didn't sit easy with him at all and he wasn't buying Wade's Mr innocent routine for one minute, his senses were on red alert, something was wrong.

Peter was subdued the rest of the day, he felt extremely on edge and he was waiting until Wade left for 'work' so he could go and investigate the significance of that apartment building. He wasn't going to listen to any more of Wade's lies.

Wade was confused by Peter's reaction. He thought he would be happy that his abuser was finally dead and he would appreciate the fact that somebody had finally made him suck his own goddamned cock. He wanted Peter to see that this was good news, but nothing Wade said cheered Peter up and he had been quiet and withdrawn all day. The Merc was starting to regret his actions.

*Maybe I went too far.*

*What?? Because cry-baby Peter pumpkin thinks you're a bad man?*

*No, he is a sensitive soul and I sometimes forget that.*

*Oh BOY the great Deadpool has a sensitive little boyfriend.*

*You wanted to be his hero didn't you? Admit it!*

*NO! I am no hero!*

*Fuck it Wade! Did you enjoy hurting the pervert?*

*Well, yes I did ....a lot.*

*Mr sensitive will get over it!*

*No Wade he won't, you have made things a lot worse.*

The voices filled Wade's head, but all he wanted to do was to hold Peter and tell him he was sorry, but he couldn't. He didn't want Peter to know he unalived the creep any more, or those other two guys. He felt ashamed that he had upset Peter so much, clearly he had misjudged the situation and Peter's reaction.

"Peter I hope you feel better soon, I'm sorry if my reaction was insensitive." Wade stroked Peter's hair. For a few minutes Peter leant against him but then he pulled back and just stared ahead again. Wade couldn't stand it. He was going out to find a job, he needed to clear his head and sometimes being Deadpool was the only way to do that. He knew he was his own worst enemy but this is how he had been for so long it was the only way he could deal with the knowledge that he had upset the one person he loved. He had to deal with it in his own way. Wade also thought maybe Peter could

use a little space.

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Peter had waited a good hour before he ventured out to the other apartment building. He had left his phone back at home so Wade couldn't track him. When he arrived at the building he noticed a concierge just inside the entrance and he approached him. Peter described Wade and asked the man if he had seen him. The sneaky bastard had explained that information cost money and so Peter had handed over fifty bucks to get the guy to show him which apartment he'd seen Wade visiting. The apartment was on the top floor, the front door was adjacent to a door that lead up onto the roof. Peter briefly listened at the door of the apartment but it was silent. He decided to climb the stairs up to the roof.

Once he was up there Peter suddenly felt a rush of adrenaline. He stood and looked out over the surrounding buildings, the lights shining in the darkness, the sounds. Tears welled up in Peter's eyes. He had forgotten just how beautiful the city was from this height. For the first time in two long hard years he wished he could shoot out a web and glide through those buildings, feel the rush of cool air, the excitement of knowing he was Spider-Man. He missed it.

Peter located the fire escape that lead down to the apartment and he climbed down with ease. The windows were dark, the apartment appeared to be empty. Peter pulled out a torch he had in his jacket and shone it inside. There wasn't much at first glance. It was a pretty bare room with a sofa and a low table with what looked like takeaway wrappers on it. Further into the apartment he could see two doors, he assumed they were the bedroom and bathroom. There was an open kitchen with a breakfast bar separating it from the living room. This place looked too basic, this was not a home, this was more like a base, somewhere to stop off at. Peter wanted to get a closer look. He checked the windows but they were all shut. There was one window that had a lock on the outside, probably where 'whoever' could enter unseen if needed. Peter broke the lock with one hand, he liked having his strength back.

Peter entered the apartment and shone the torch around inside. He could see a large bag beside the table, he looked inside it and almost fell back. It was full of guns and other weapons. Peter glanced over at the sofa and table and saw more guns and ammunition. As he shone the torch further along he suddenly caught his breath, because there laid out on the table was what looked like a large piece of skin with a tattoo of a swordfish skeleton on it.

Looks like I found the connection.

Peter's horror continued as he ventured into the bedroom and found yet more weapons spread about and another bag beside the bed. His eyebrows shot up when he saw the collection of sex toys and bottles of lube inside it. On the bed there was more lube, a box of tissues, a plushy unicorn and.....

What the fuck, is that my t-shirt?

Peter started to feel angry. He realised this was definitely Wade's place, but what was going on? Why did he have all these weapons? Why had he been lying? Was Wade some kind of hit-man? It unnerved Peter that he had possibly been living with a violent murderer these past few months and had been none the wiser. Peter felt himself get upset at the thought that he had grown so close to Wade and had started bonding with him, allowing him to be physical, confiding in him about the assault.

Peter was in love with Wade, but not this stranger. His Wade was sweet and caring and made him feel safe and secure. He made him brownies and tacos and wrapped his big arms round him when

he felt sad. Peter had started to trust Wade, he wanted to be more intimate, go further sexually with him. He loved how he had been so patient and understanding about Peter's fears and the trauma of his past. But now this, Peter had no idea what to think. Wade wasn't a killer.....or was he?

Peter continued looking around, he opened a closet and found two of Wade's hospital 'uniforms', a Hawaiian shirt and two dresses both quite garish frilly numbers. Peter scanned the room for more evidence of a woman, but as he did it dawned on him that no those dresses were Wade's.

He does like 'pretty' things.

Peter made his way to the other door and found the bathroom. There was a light on over the cabinet and he saw a long blonde wig hanging on the back of the door. He couldn't help but smile to himself.

That's definitely Wade's.

There were messed up bloodied towels in a pile on the floor. Peter wondered who's blood that was and what else was he going to find, he started feeling worried. He opened the cabinet and there was some make up and perfume along side some toothpaste and a tooth brush, some first aid items and disinfectant. There was no bath just a shower cubicle and the same coconut shower gel as Wade had at home.

Peter walked back out into the living room and felt all his senses come alive. He noticed movement outside the window and he rushed back into the bedroom, diving under the bed. His heart was pounding in his chest.

As Peter lay under the bed he heard a voice similar to Wade's but with more of an edge. He remembered the broken lock and cursed himself.

"What the fuck?" The voice sounded annoyed. Heavy boots stomped round the apartment, rustling in the big bag and then silence.

Peter held his breath as he saw the light come on and the boots move right beside the bed. There was something vaguely familiar about those boots, black with red.

The closet was yanked open "Aha!! Oh shit fuck shit, who the hell has been in here?" Peter realised it was unmistakably Wade's voice. He lay there trying not to breathe and the boots left the room.

Peter closed his eyes and exhaled a sigh of relief.

Next thing he knew he was being dragged out from under the bed by his ankles, shielding his face with his arms.

He heard Wade's voice gasp "Holy Shit NO!" Peter looked up and saw someone he instantly recognised and they both exclaimed simultaneously:

"Peter?!!"

"Deadpool?!!"

Look, I know in reality it takes months even years before such gruesome details of a murder would be released, but hey this is fiction and we don't have that much time!
I'm putting it down to a online leak by a police insider :-)

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Deadpool and Spider-Man meet again and things unravel in the best possible way.

Chapter Notes

fluffy, smutty love, and then some more fluff and a bit more smut.

"How do you know my name?" Wade had staggered backwards.

Peter stood up and stared at Deadpool. He knew it! When he heard about a sword or Katana being involved in both murders he had immediately thought of The Merc, but he had no connection to Wade.

"Wade I got suspicious after those two scumbags were killed so I followed you here and then I went to the hospital and they had no record of you. Then when the other creep got killed too I needed to know more so I bribed the concierge to tell me which apartment was yours." Peter was talking far too fast.

Deadpool snorted "Remind me to unalive him!"

Peter's eyes widened "Unalive?"

Deadpool removed his mask and smiled at Peter "Just a joke Baby Boy, why should he care? He gets paid peanuts to do his shitty job."

Yeah but I will be dealing with him later.

Peter looked at Wade and then looked at his red suit, it seemed to be wet. Peter realised it was covered in blood.

"What happened? Who's blood is that?"

Wade got a weird look in his eyes

"It's mine sweetheart, that's what I do best, I bleed but I don't die."

Peter knew about Deadpool's healing factor and that he had been part of some experiment that messed him up and gave him a mutant gene, but was Wade telling him he was immortal? Was that also why his skin got damaged?

"Are you hurt? What can I do?" Peter was anxious.

Wade just grinned "Baby Boy, sparkling light of my life, there is a lot I need to tell you, but you still haven't answered my question. How do you know about Deadpool?"

Peter looked at the floor "I met him a few years ago before things went wrong in my life. He was helping a friend of mine. It was just a brief meeting, we barely said hello, but my friend spoke well of him. He liked him even though he said a lot of other people feared him and he had a reputation for being a loose canon and very dangerous.

Wade's eyes gleamed, he looked pleased with that information. Peter was unsettled by his demeanor. He realised he had just spoken to Wade about his alter ego in the third person and it was like Wade's whole character was different, charged in some way. Peter could practically feel the electricity coming off him.

"Hey sweet cheeks who was your friend?" Wade cocked his head.

"Oh just a guy I used to know." Peter had not said Spider-Man's name out loud for two years and it stuck in his throat. He felt very anxious all of a sudden.

"Does this guy have a name? My memory is terrible so you need to remind me Pumpkin Pie." Deadpool winked and leered at him. Peter shifted slightly uncomfortably

He's so different to Wade.

Peter's brow furrowed "His name was Spider-Man."

Wade's mouth fell open "Spidey? You know Spidey? Oh Em Gee he's the coolest guy I ever met!" Deadpool beamed.

Peter felt a pang of warmth in his heart hearing Wade say he liked Spider-Man so much. "Yeah he was pretty great." Peter mused.

Wade suddenly looked all serious "What do you mean 'was'? He didn't die did he?" Deadpool looked almost in tears.

Peter reassured him "No, I just lost touch with him. I've not seen him in over two years." That wasn't a lie.

"That figures Peter-Pie because Spidey would never let a friend end up in danger or all alone on the streets. He is such a stand-up guy with a heart of pure gold." Deadpool sighed deeply and put his hand over his own heart. "He even saw goodness in me! Oh man what a precious diamond he is."

Peter thought that Deadpool possibly had more than just 'friendship' feelings for Spider-Man, he clearly really admired him a lot. Then he noticed a familiar mischievous glint in Wade's eyes.

"Yeah and Holy bananas did Mr Webs have a peachy ass!"

What??!!

Peter was glad of the dimmed lights because he felt his face burn like a furnace. Now he was certain Deadpool had definitely liked Spider-Man a lot more than just as a friend.

Peter snapped out of these thoughts and back to the grim reality of this situation they were in. He had so many questions and most of all he realised Wade was now actually a killer and he really did not feel comfortable about that, even if he did find it kind of arousing seeing Wade in his black and red suit. A memory flashed through Peter's mind from when he was being lifted up in the alleyway, the black and red he remembered wasn't Franny, it had been Deadpool all along. Peter felt emotional at this realisation.

Peter noticed Wade had a weird look on his face as he stared at Peter, it made him feel a little nervous. It was like he was scanning Peter up and down, looking at him like he wanted to do bad things to him. Peter didn't feel so comfortable any more.

"Peter?" Deadpool leered at him as he stepped towards him.

Peter didn't like the look he gave him "What?"

"Wanna get naked Baby Boy?" Wade grinned the most salacious grin Peter had ever seen.

"No, I mean what? NO!" Peter moved away from Wade.

"Ahhh sweetheart Peter-pie why not? Don't you feel just a tiny bit turned on by me in my suit?" Wade was enjoying himself far too much.

Peter felt conflicted. He did find Wade attractive in his Deadpool suit and he had noticed he had a very obvious hard-on, but his head was so confused about the revelation that Wade had a whole second existence as an immortal mercenary. He didn't know how to process it all and now he was coming on to him in the most shameless way. Wade had never behaved like that before.

Wade was finding it very hard to control his urges. He never expected to find Peter in the one place he really shouldn't be and that combined with a heavy dose of Deadpool horniness made him completely lose any inhibitions he might have had.

So there they were, Deadpool with a raging boner and Peter looking like a rabbit caught in very bright headlights. For a split second the two men stared at each other, then without warning Deadpool lunged at Peter, but he wasn't quick enough as Peter jumped up and stuck to the ceiling.

Oh shit.

Peter's eyes were wide as saucers. He couldn't believe his idiot body had decided that this very awkward moment was the very best time to return one of his Spider powers.

Wade fell to his knees as he stared up at Peter on the ceiling. "What the shit? Peter what is going on?"

Then Peter saw the penny drop on Wade's face. "Spider-Man?" Wade's eyes filled with tears. Suddenly he was overcome with emotion.

"Wade I can't lie to you, yes I am Spider-Man, or rather I was him." Peter dropped back down to the floor and put his hand on Wade's head, he felt him wrap his arms round his legs.

"Oh Spidey what happened to you? I could have helped you if you were in trouble. You were only ever kind and generous with me. You told me I had a good heart. Do you know how much that meant to me?" Wade was sobbing while hanging on to Peter's legs.

"Things just went from bad to worse. When I lost the girl I loved I turned my back on Spider-Man, then six months later losing my aunt and I suddenly found myself alone and I had a breakdown from all the grief I was dealing with. It was like my body shut down. All my Spider powers left my body and my mind just convinced me I was worthless. Then I lost my home and I considered just ending it all, but I kept seeing Aunt May's face and how disappointed that would make her so I just carried on, a tiny voice inside telling me that it might get better. I felt weak and useless and when that creep assaulted me it was the worst feeling I could imagine, except I remember feeling so angry that he had the fucking audacity to put me in that position after all the crap I had gone through. That was what made me bite him. I realise now that the little surge of anger I'd felt had

briefly woken up my strength. If it had been my full strength I would have bitten his disgusting cock right off."

Peter stroked Wade's head as he was still clinging on to Peter's legs, tears streaming down his face. Peter felt strangely calm being able to open up to Deadpool about what really happened to Spider-Man. He had trusted Deadpool in the time they had spent together, he had never given him any reason not to. Weirdly, despite his deceit about his alter ego and the other side to his life Peter also still trusted Wade.

He loved Wade.

"Come on let's just sit on the sofa." Peter gently moved Wade to get up. They sat side by side, Wade with his arms protectively round Peter's shoulders pulling him close to his body. Peter didn't care that Deadpool had blood all over his suit, they could clean it off later. He wanted to sit there and tell him everything.

"After the assault I got more street-wise, finding that lock up to sleep in away from the others I knew on the same patch and being hyper vigilant about predatory creeps hanging about. I saw so many young vulnerable kids get charmed by these assholes. At first I tried to talk to them and tell them what these guys were and about how Jacky had ended up, but they were desperate, we all were, and hunger makes people do dangerous and crazy things. A few of the young ones never returned and two I know of ended up dead, murdered by the same creeps who had promised to take care of them. No doubt the same scumbags who killed Jacky."

Peter suddenly felt overwhelmed by the memory of those poor young souls. "They were innocent, victims of circumstance, preyed on by ruthless selfish monsters. It's funny people say Aliens and Mutants are monsters, but the real evil is right here amongst us. It's so-called humans hurting and killing each other." Peter felt tears drop on to his t-shirt, he couldn't stop the emotion breaking free. He needed to let it all go.

Wade stroked the side of Peter's face. "Don't worry sweetheart I am here. I won't let anything bad happen to you ever again."

Peter shook his head and stared into Wade's eyes. "Can't you see that you are no better than those people? You kill and maim and even worse you get paid to do it."

Wade let go of Peter and stood up. He felt bad. "I can't change what has already happened and I am sorry you think I am such a bad person. The creeps I unalive are a hundred times worse than those fucking perverts. I am not like them. I would never harm an innocent person. I rid the world of those monsters you described."

Peter looked at Wade and knew he truly thought what he did was helping make the world a better place, but Wade wasn't getting it.

"Wade you don't get it do you? No matter how evil those people are, by killing them you are putting yourself on their level. You are better than that Wade. Yes, I did tell Deadpool he had a good heart because I genuinely believed that to be true. Since spending time with you these last few months I am convinced more than ever that your heart is overflowing with goodness. You saved my life Wade. You took me home, patched me up and looked after me. You did that for me when I was a total stranger. You never made any demands or expected anything in return."

Wade sat on the floor in front of the sofa, he was filled with such incredibly strong love for Peter. He had only ever heard one other person say such nice things about him and that was Spidey and now he knew he and Peter were one and the same it made sense. He seemed to be the only person

who had ever believed in him and what kind of friend had Deadpool been? He had left the city and while he had often thought of Spidey, he never tried to contact him. He felt bad for not being there for his friend.

"Peter I am sorry I was a bad friend. I heard what happened to your girlfriend and I really wanted to contact you, but I didn't think you would want that. I regret not just listening to my gut and calling you. I hope you can forgive me. It breaks my fucking heart that you ended up on the goddamned streets."

Peter was touched by Wade's words, he knew he was being sincere and he loved him all the more for that. "Wade you have been the best friend anybody could wish for. When I got attacked by those two guys I was ready to give up. I didn't even try to fight back. I just lay there and let them kick and punch me. All I cared about was that they weren't going to hurt that young woman. I couldn't have cared less about myself anymore. The last thing I remember was being lifted up and seeing something red and black and now I know that was you in your suit. So, you see Wade, Deadpool turned out to be the very best of people didn't he? He remembered how to have a good heart. I know you think that by killing bad guys you are in some way being a hero, but you're not, you are making yourself a villain like them."

"No Peter I am no hero! Don't call me that, I've never called myself a hero and I never will. I am merely providing a clean-up service. I'm like the trash collector. I clean up the festering garbage and dispose of it. No, Peter, you are the only hero here right now." Wade gazed up at Peter.

Peter smiled at Wade. "You are my hero."

The Merc felt so much love for him right in that moment. "Thank you Peter."

Their eyes met and they both spoke at the same time.

"I love you."

They both laughed and Wade pulled Peter off the sofa on to his lap. He took his gloves off and ran his fingers through Peter's soft thick hair. He took his face in his hands and kissed him tentatively. He wanted to hold him close forever.

"Peter you are the best thing that has ever happened to me and it goes back much further than these last few months. When Spider-Man told me I had a good heart he unlocked something inside of me and I've looked for that feeling ever since. When you sat beside me on the bed and kissed me that first time I suddenly felt that same warm glow inside. It was the same feeling Spidey had given me. It's no coincidence both times were with the same person. I believe it was fate that I found you that night. It was the universe giving me, us, a second chance. Lady luck decided we deserved some good news. So, yes Peter pumpkin pie I love you and I will shout it from every rooftop in NYC because it's the best feeling in the world."

Peter squeezed Wade in his arms. "I love you Wade Wilson."

Peter knew there was a lot to discuss, the main thing being that if they were to stay together and build a life then Wade had to promise to stop killing people. He knew he was capable of it as Deadpool proved it in the short time they spent together previously. Peter was glad he discovered Wade's alter ego because it meant there was a very good reason for his behaviour and he wasn't just some random hit-man with a very large grudge. He knew Deadpool could be unhinged, but he truly believed he could keep him pretty grounded now he knew Peter was Spider-Man. He knew Wade would do anything to make Spidey proud and in turn make Peter proud, but in reality he had already achieved that.

Peter smiled as he looked at Wade's blissful expression as he held on to him.

"Hey Wade why don't you grab a shower and we can get some food on the way home. I really want to snuggle up and feel cosy with you sweetheart." Wade leapt up and headed for the bathroom.

Peter heard the shower and Wade singing and he laughed to himself. He got up and walked towards the partially open bathroom door. He stood in front of the door and hesitated, his breathing increased. He really wanted to see Wade naked. He had seen him with his shirt off and despite his ravaged skin he had an impressive body. Peter had felt himself stir at the sight of Wade's strong back and his broad chest, now he could hear him in the shower and he wanted nothing more than to join him. He knew Wade wouldn't protest, in fact he suspected it would make him more than happy, but Peter felt nervous. He was still so inexperienced when it came to guys and aside from dating Gwen he wasn't all that experienced with women either. All he knew was that he felt something so real and so deeply emotional for Wade that he needed to be close to him.

He gently pushed the door further open and through the steam and condensation Peter could see Wade. His body looked breathtaking, so imposing, everything immaculately in proportion and Peter desperately wanted to touch him. Wade turned around and saw him looking.

"Baby Boy? See anything you like?"

Peter blushed so hard he felt like his cheeks would ignite. "I'm sorry.....Wade I just want to be near you." Peter felt himself get tearful again.

Wade opened the cubicle and stepped out, his body shiny and glowing from the hot water. He stood before Peter and took hold of the hem of his top.

"Would you like to join me in the shower?" Peter nodded and allowed Wade to lift his top off, then he carefully removed the rest of Peter's clothes and stood back to look at him.

Just like an angel.

The young man Wade had helped all those months ago was no longer scrawny and emaciated, he looked strong and healthy. Peter's body was smooth and graceful, lean muscles making him look athletic and agile. Wade inhaled sharply.

Holy shit how did I get this lucky?

Peter turned his head away from Wade's gaze.

"I'm sorry Baby Boy please don't feel shy."

The Merc took his hand and lead Peter into the shower cubicle. The water was hot and soothing. Peter felt a surge of relief at Wade's strong hands caressing him, the familiar smell of coconut made Peter feel secure as Wade washed his whole body with the shower gel. He knew he couldn't hide his arousal and Wade certainly wasn't hiding his, but he felt anxious at the idea of being more intimate with him. Peter's mind put up so many barriers, he wanted to smash through them. He loved Wade and he needed to express that love physically.

Wade rinsed Peter off and saw the serious look on his face. "My beautiful Peter if you are not ready to go any further that's fine. I would never force you or want you to feel uncomfortable. Just tell me what you need and I'm all yours."

Peter put his arms round Wade and pulled him closer. They stood under the streaming water together, their bodies fixed in a tight embrace. Peter loved the feeling of Wade's skin next to his, he

could feel his erection rubbing against Peter's own hard member and it felt so good.

"Wade I want you to keep touching me please. I don't know how far I can go, but I do know I just want to feel your hands on me."

Wade trailed his hands down Peter's sides and round to his rear, cupping his buttocks, massaging the round fleshy cheeks. Peter moaned in Wade's ear.

"You like that Angel Face?" Wade whispered.

Peter nodded, moving his hips into Wade's feeling him hard against his own needy groin. Wade moved his hand and reached down between them, running his fingers lightly over Peter's hard-on. His touch was tender and explorative, not wanting to be too greedy all at once.

Is this what heaven feels like?

Wade watched Peter's expression as he curled his fingers round his cock and gradually started moving his hand up and down. Peter looked as if he might melt on the spot.

"Oh my god Wade. I can't, I don't even....., Oh god it feels so right."

Peter was floating in his mind. He had never been so aroused. The warm water falling on his shoulders and the man he loved touching him like he was made of pure gold. The rush came over him far too quickly and before he could even try to slow down, his orgasm released.

To his surprise Wade was down on his knees taking him in his mouth, sucking him hard and swallowing the warm seed. Wade's mouth cushioned him so perfectly, it felt reassuring and safe. He wanted him to stay like that forever.

Wade's mind was completely blown, he had lost all grip of time or space, all he wanted was to touch and taste Peter's body. He had waited so long for him to allow things to go further it was like in this moment all his dreams had come true. Taking Peter's smooth firm cock in his mouth and edging him to reach a climax drove Wade wild and he couldn't get enough of him. When Peter came Wade felt his heat fill his throat and he swallowed it all eagerly, he wanted all of him inside him.

Oh yes I mean ALL of him, deep and full.

Wade stood up and let the water rinse his face, then he turned off the shower. He reached out for a towel and draped it around Peter, kissing him lovingly, sucking his lower lip before he lead him out of the cubicle.

"Feel ok Baby Boy?" Wade lifted Peter's chin up to look in his brown eyes. "You are all that I want in this world Sweet Cheeks. I feel so happy right now." Wade smiled at him broadly.

Peter, wrapped in the towel, looked at The Merc and felt his whole body tingle with delight. "So do I Wade. Thank you for being patient and considerate with me. I felt so good finally feeling your hands on me."

Wade grabbed a towel and dried himself off, his arousal still in full view. Peter couldn't take his eyes off it.

"Wade you look really hot right now."

Wade dried his chest "Yeah it's the steam in here, maybe.....oh!" Wade clocked Peter staring at his

erection and he grinned. "Would you like to help me out there Sweet Stuff?"

No sooner had The Merc uttered the words than Peter's fingers were stroking Wade's cock teasingly. He rubbed his thumb over the tip coaxing the pre-cum already dribbling out. Wade put his forehead against Peter's and breathed heavily. Peter moved his hand faster and Wade let out a deep groan.

"Holy Crap Peter I'm going to come right now!" And with that Wade grasped Peter's body and erupted all over his abdomen and hand. Peter smirked at how tightly Wade clung on to him. "Holy Shit I couldn't stop myself."

The two men looked deep into each other's eyes. In that one moment they felt complete.

Wade's rumbling stomach broke the silence "Oops!"

Peter giggled. "I think we need to score some food."

They finished drying off, got dressed and headed out into the night.

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"I still can't believe you are Deadpool" Peter wiped his mouth after eating a large burrito, missing a splodge of sauce on his chin.

"You better believe it Baby Boy, purebred Canadian Male at your service, sweet like Maple Syrup baby!"

Wade leant over and licked the sauce off Peter's chin. Peter bit the inside of his lip smiling. Wade moved the food wrappers out the way and slid right up to Peter, getting as close as he could.

"Well Sugar Buns I can't believe that after all this time I have hooked up with Mr Sexy Ass himself Spider-Man. I mean HELLO, what are the odds on that?" Wade ran his fingers along Peter's arm up to his shoulder.

"Sooooo ...I was wondering ....you know how earlier I asked you if you wanted to get naked and then you said no but then we sort of ...well we did end up naked anyway....Well Peter pumpkin pie ...erm."

Peter laughed "Wade just shut up and kiss me!"

Wade's eyes lit up like little flames. He leant in and nuzzled Peter's cheek, giving him soft kisses all along his jawline ending up at his mouth where he vigorously prized open Peter's lips and curled his tongue inside. Their kiss was heat-filled and greedy, they couldn't get enough of each other. Peter bit Wade's lip and held it for a few moments as he stared straight into his eyes. Wade was a complete mess.

*I definitely should have worn my white pants.*

"Peter sweetums, I want you to tell me what you want. I will do anything you ask Baby Boy. I'm yours and you can do whatever you like with me."

*As long as it involves lots of hot naked sex....and then some more sex....naked.*

Peter said nothing and looked a little coy. "Wade I don't really know what I'm doing when it comes to being with a guy. I know how to give a hand job but that's it really and I'm not even so sure I do

that very well. I know how I feel inside about you and it was so amazing feeling you touching me earlier and I know I made you come, but I think I might disappoint you when it comes to anything more."

Wade felt his heart flutter at Peter's words.

"Baby Boy the day you disappoint me will be the day the earth explodes! Would you like me to take the lead and show you what to do? I can teach you a few special little tricks if you like." Wade squeezed Peter's hand and gave him a look as sweet as pure spun sugar.

"I think I would like that Wade, but seriously I don't know if I am ready to be on the receiving end if you know what I mean, I think I would like to be the one on top.....for now....if that's ok."

*Oh my god. He really has no idea how turned on I am right now.*

"Sweet Cheeks you can top me to the moon and back, I will be more than happy to guide you to my sweet spot, my pleasure button, the orgasm hub, my on-switch..... my intergalactic ass chamber....with built-in sparkles for added joy!" Wade was already up on his feet and wiggling his hips at Peter, who's face was a deep shade of crimson at Wade's happy outburst.

"Would you like to accompany me to the master bedroom fair Prince?" Wade held his hand out to Peter who gladly took it and followed The Merc to his bedroom. They tenderly undressed each other and fell on to the bed. Peter loved the feel of Wade's uneven skin against his own smooth body, he wanted to feel all of him, his hands roamed every inch, making The Merc whimper and bite his lip at Peter's feather light touch. His fingers were like magic, finely stroking Wade's damaged exterior, brushing over every scar and bump as if they were precious stones. Nobody had ever touched Wade like that, so sensitively, so loving.

*How could he ever think he would disappoint me? He's perfect.*

Wade guided Peter's hand to his nipple "Pinch it, you don't have to be gentle."

Peter took Wade's nipple between his forefinger and thumb, rolled it and squeezed it firmly.

Wade gasped and arched his back.

Peter was getting extremely turned on by Wade's movements and the noises he was making. He tugged Wade's nipple a little harder and took the other one in his mouth flicking it with his tongue, teasing it with his teeth, sucking it, making the puckered flesh swell slightly. Wade was writhing around, pushing his hips upwards and causing his swollen cock to tap his stomach every time it bounced back from an upward thrust. Peter loved it, he was as hard as rock himself and just looking at Wade's large erection moving about was making him so excited he felt dizzy.

"Ahh Baby Boy you don't need me to teach you anything, you are wrecking me in the best possible way."

Peter grinned and reached over to stroke Wade's taut heavy cock, the tip was gleaming with pre-cum, he rubbed it round the shaft using it like a lube and he gently moved his hand so as to get a steady rhythm going edging Wade along with steady thrusts. The Merc rolled his eyes back and clawed at the sheets, arching his back up towards Peter's grasp.

*Holy shitting fuck!*

Peter increased the pace and watched Wade's face as he applied more force. He squeezed his nipple at the same time and Wade cried out with total uninhibited pleasure. Peter could see Wade was

getting closer and he kept working his cock with tight steady strokes. Peter mouthed Wade's nipple and sucked it hard, biting the flesh. That seemed to push The Merc over the edge as he let out an almighty yell and Peter felt the hot seed pulse out, covering his abdomen. Peter was delighted he had given Wade such satisfaction, all he wanted was to make him happy.

Wade lay there panting hard, a huge smile on his face.

After a few moments Wade turned on his side and eyed Peter's arousal.

"Why do I suddenly feel like licking a candy cane? Yeah all sweet and sticky on my lips." His eyes drifted up Peter's body and met his gaze "I had a little taster in the shower, let's call that the entree, now I feel like having the main course Baby Boy."

Peter hid his face in the bed sheets giggling, he couldn't look at Wade when he said such salacious things.

"Lie back Honey Bunch this could get messy."

Peter hid his face with a pillow, he felt embarrassed by the way Wade was talking to him, he couldn't help it, his blushing had reached a whole new level and Wade was just so shameless. He loved it, but he just couldn't look at him.

Wade didn't care, he thought Peter's shyness was cute. He slid down the bed until he was face to face with Peter's erection.

"Why Peter it's so shiny, I bet you polish that tip every single day. Am I right Baby Boy? Yeah I heard you in the shower, it was like a sweet sexy love song, music to my ears Sweet Cheeks. I touched myself HARD that night!"

Peter cringed so intensely behind the pillow he thought his face would fall off.

*Oh my god I can't believe he just said that.*

Wade positioned himself between Peter's thighs and made exaggerated noises when he licked his lips.

"Here comes the best feeling in the world!" He sang and Peter held his breath in anticipation.

Very slowly Wade licked a long lingering strip from the base of Peter's cock right up to the tip where he circled it with his tongue. He moved his tongue with teasing touches round the slit in Peter's dick tip tasting the sweet salty pre-cum as it started flowing out. Then he curled his tongue round the rim of the head and licked firmly along the underside of the shaft, working down to Peter's balls. He cupped them gently with his hand and carefully caressed them.

Peter had let go of the pillow and it had dropped away revealing to Wade the sight of his lover with his head back, his mouth half open and his eyes in a dreamy gaze. He was moaning so softly it was no more than a whisper. Right at that moment Wade could not have loved him more. He moved his tongue back up to the wet tip and then took Peter in his mouth, sucking him, gradually increasing his tempo so Peter would start to build up heat inside him. He held him in his mouth while his tongue formed a point and teased along the vein down the middle of Peter's cock. He took him right down. Wade had no problem with gag reflexes as he didn't have any. He opened his throat and took Peter deep, sucking him harder now. Peter was thrusting his hips up and groaning like he was possessed. His fingers were digging into Wade's skull trying to get deeper inside his mouth, Wade just kept going, his eyes shining at the sight of Peter losing control so beautifully. He pinned Peter's hips down on the bed and started thrusting with his mouth so fast that in a split

second Peter roared loudly and came with such force Wade felt the hot cum shoot to the back of his throat. He continued sucking and swallowing until he knew Peter would be completely spent.

Wade sat up and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, he admired Peter who was lying exhausted on the bed, his chest heaving with the intensity of his release. He had never felt anything so mind-shatteringly good in his entire life. Wade pulled the sheet up over the both of them as he lay beside Peter and stroked his hair.

"How do you feel Baby Boy?"

Peter could hardly speak.

"I'm..I ..just...oh god I feel amazing."

Wade beamed with pride at his efforts, all he wanted was to make Peter happy and judging by his face it was definitely mission accomplished. He pulled Peter towards him and cradled his body against his. Peter drifted off to sleep and Wade lay listening to their hearts beating together.

*He thinks I saved him, but the truth is he is the one who saved me.*

## Chapter 7

### Chapter Summary

First times, lasting times and home is where Peter's heart is.

### Chapter Notes

This chapter is pure unbridled love....lots of it!  
Thank you for reading xoxoxo

Peter approached the hotel and walked inside. He walked up the staircase and along the dark corridor. His heart was beating like crazy. He reached the door and pushed it open. He saw the bed and the bedside cabinet with the lamp on. Laid out on the bed were two swords, one had blood along the blade. Peter looked down at his naked body and saw the wound on his chest had got much bigger. He watched the blood streaming out all down his body. He heard a noise behind him and he froze.

"He's not going to hurt you anymore Peter." He recognised the voice. He turned round to see Deadpool standing there holding the creep's head in his hands.

"Here Peter it's for you, it's all for you." Peter stepped back in horror at the sight of the head and Deadpool's outstretched arms.

He started running back down the corridor and out on to the fire escape, he could hear Deadpool running behind him

"Wait Peter don't leave me here, don't leave me with all this death."

But Peter slammed the door shut. This time when he looked down the wound had healed over and the scar had gone. He was filled with a sense of relief, freedom from a burden he had carried around so long. He looked down again and he was dressed in his Spider-Man suit. He aimed his wrist and shot out a web as he jumped from the fire escape. The elation of his flight from building to building filled him with a familiar comfort and he felt tears running down his face. He had to let the past go, the grief and pain. He wanted to go home so badly, but his home was no longer there, it didn't belong to him anymore. So much emotion came flooding out, the buildings melted away and he was lying on the bed beside Wade who was staring at him with concern in his eyes.

"Baby Boy I can't bear it seeing all these tears, are you unhappy? Talk to me, you can tell me anything I promise, nothing shocks me." The Merc whispered to him snuggling up to Peter as close as he could get. Peter couldn't stop crying, he had to get it all out and knowing he wasn't alone made it easier. Wade cooed and shushed him, his heart was beating so strongly next to Peter's face, he felt safe and secure in Wade's protective arms.

"I miss my home Wade, I can never go back because they took it away. Everything I knew was in that house, my life and my family, my love for Aunt May and Uncle Ben, even after my uncle was



killed it still felt safe there because his spirit never left. We kept him alive with our stories and memories of him. But I have nowhere to keep him and Aunt May alive anymore. I feel lost. I don't feel I belong anywhere."

Wade listened and wanted to help Peter so badly.

"Peter sweetheart what happened to the rest of your personal stuff from the house?" Peter told Wade about how he'd had to put some things in storage as he had nowhere else to keep them, but the six months he'd paid in advance would be up now and without any funds the storage place would most likely sell or destroy his possessions.

"We are going to go to the storage place and get your stuff. Don't worry about money I've got enough to cover it. Then I would like you to show me where your house was. I would like to see where you grew up Peter. Hey and Baby Boy if you want to we can take some pretty flowers to your Aunt May's grave. Whatever you need sweetheart, your wish is my command. Think of me as your Fairy GodPool." Peter smiled lovingly at The Merc.

"Wade, in the dream I had I was back in the hotel room except this time Deadpool was there holding that creep's head in his hands, when I ran away he tried to follow me but I slammed the door behind me. He begged me not to leave him there with 'all this death'. I think it's telling me I need to talk to you about moving forward. The killing and death needs to stop or I will never be able to feel fully comfortable around you. I believe that is what you want too. I think my dream was telling me you want to be with me and you will do anything to make it work. I think you are ready to leave the killing behind you." Peter had been stroking Wade's arm while he talked to him as he wanted to reassure him.

"Peter all I can do is try. I don't need to kill anybody if you don't want me to. I can break their legs instead!" Wade smiled broadly and Peter rolled his eyes.

"Sure Wade, but maybe if we teamed up again like before you might see that we can do this together. I know my Spider powers have started to return and I think it would help me to put the suit on and feel useful again."

Wade was delighted he would get to go out patrolling the city with Spider-Man again. "Baby Boy this is like all the christmasses ever all rolled into one and I have just come downstairs to open the biggest gift I've ever seen!!"

Peter smiled at Wade's childlike demeanor.

Something else occurred to Peter about the dream and he got up off the bed and went into the bathroom. Standing in front of the mirror he slowly lifted his shirt up and there he saw his chest.

The scar had gone.

The return of Spidey's healing factor had caused the flesh to heal itself just as Peter hoped it would. It was like since he had been able to unlock all his grief his powers had flowed back one by one. He sighed deeply staring at his chest and felt a surge of joy rise up inside. "Wade! Wade come here....look!"

The Merc rushed into the bathroom and when he saw Peter's blemish free skin he placed his hand on the smooth pec and smiled broadly at his lover. "Baby Boy I'm so happy for you. Now you can really move forward, you are free sweet cheeks."

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Peter had been worrying about the gruesome deaths of the two scumbags and the creep, following all the developments online and through news bulletins. So far the police had got no leads and they were looking like possible gang related deaths. It turned out there was a connection between the two guys and the creep. According to a cousin of one of the guys the creep had abused their younger brother a few years previously and they had beaten him up warning him to leave town or they were going to kill him, but in return the creep's brother had supposedly put a hit out on them. This all sounded very convenient to Peter. Who was this supposed cousin? Also the police had been trying to locate the creep's brother but had so far had no luck.

Peter was worried in case the police made a connection to himself with regards to Franny and the video footage calling him a hero. Peter had spoken to Ronnie and he said Franny knew it was the same guys but she had no intention of saying anything after hearing about Peter getting such a savage beating. He had felt so grateful to her for that. When things were more settled he had planned to take her for lunch somewhere. Wade would probably sulk about him seeing Franny, 'Your Blonde girlfriend' as he called her.

What Peter didn't know was that Wade had set it all up. He had fabricated the cousin, calling in a favour of the takeaway owner who's son he had rescued and Fish Bone's brother was pure make believe, he didn't exist and because the creep had such a sordid reputation nobody questioned it or really cared. Nobody was going to miss that disgusting pervert. Wade had woven the tapestry so it all knitted together nicely and the police would soon lose interest when no more bodies emerged.

Wade had also been to see Franny, telling her about how badly Peter was hurt and how it wouldn't be beneficial to anybody if there was even a hint of a connection between Peter and those guys. Franny had agreed to keep quiet and in return Wade had made a sizeable donation to the soup kitchen.

He knew Weasel wouldn't say anything if anybody came looking for him. Weasel was not the best at keeping secrets and he was useless if threatened, he held no loyalties, but he knew that if he crossed Wade the consequences would be far worse so he kept his mouth shut by way of self-preservation. It was highly unlikely any police would set foot in Weasel's bar anyway.

Wade had cleaned up his base apartment and ended the lease. He burned any evidence including the flayed tattoo, he'd been stupid taking that, he'd been showing off. So as far as Wade was concerned he had tied up the loose ends nicely. All he wanted was to move forward with Peter and he had an idea that he was looking into.

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Peter stood at Aunt May and Uncle Ben's graveside and felt sadness creep into his chest. Wade had taken him to the florist and they had picked some nice flowers together. He stood back while Peter had a moment with his thoughts. Peter looked round at him and held his hand out. Wade took hold of Peter's hand and they stood together paying their respects for a while.

Earlier that day Wade had accompanied Peter to the storage place and it turned out they still had Peter's things, they had a back log of stuff that needed auctioning so there was a three month period of grace for any outstanding fees. While Wade had sorted out the cash and papers Peter had gathered up all his stuff ready to take back to their apartment. There had only been a couple of boxes and an old suitcase, but Peter was clearly very emotional about getting it all back. Wade loved to see him looking so calm and happy. He only wanted the best for his Peter and he had something very special for him up his sleeve, all would be revealed the following day.

That evening Peter showed Wade his things. His books and photographs, all the family photos he had, his few keepsakes of Aunt May's. Uncle Ben's old fishing reel and his fishing hat. Peter's eyes

shone when he told Wade all about their life together and how when his own parents had died his Aunt and Uncle had fulfilled the roles of guardians so perfectly, they could never have replaced his parents, but they were definitely the next best thing. He loved them so much. He also showed Wade a picture of Gwen and told him how she died and how it had made him turn his back on Spider-Man. Peter looked wistful talking about how she had been his first real love.

"I let her down Wade. I put her in danger and then I couldn't save her in time. I have to live with that for the rest of my life." He placed a soft kiss on the photo and put it back in the album he had made. He had to move forward.

Wade had been observing Peter while he showed him all his stuff. His deep brown eyes had been full of light as he spoke in such an animated way about his family. Wade didn't have any family, he had been alone most of his life. He had a girlfriend before he got cancer but it had all fallen apart when he signed up for the experiments. He hadn't had any relationships after his mutation, most people avoided him because of his skin. He had indulged in minor flings with mutants and a couple of prostitutes, one was a beautiful Spanish guy he visited off and on for almost a year. Wade had felt attracted to Spider-Man in the few months they worked together, but nothing had ever happened and he had admired him from afar. When Spidey had told him he had a good heart Wade had felt so happy.

So, between the last time he saw Spidey and finding Peter Wade had been pretty lonely. He felt about Peter the same way as Peter did about his family. Wade only had him and he would do anything to keep him. His heart felt full when he watched Peter and his little expressions. Wade had studied his face, he knew every mole, freckle, blemish, tiny hairs, pores, all of it. He loved how Peter bit the inside of his lip when he was nervous or excited. He loved how he ran his hands through his messy brown hair when he was concentrating on something and most of all he loved his beautiful smile when he caught sight of Wade looking at him.

*I just want to cover him in chocolate sauce and eat him like a sundae.*

"Peter what happened to Gwen was an accident and it sounds like she was pretty headstrong so it wasn't all your fault that she was in the wrong place at the wrong time." Wade plucked at Peter's shirt as he spoke to him. Peter nodded and put his arms round Wade. He didn't want to talk about sad things anymore. He was very happy he had his personal things back and he still wanted to thank Wade properly.

"Wade?"

"Yes Baby Boy."

"I want to be inside you." Peter whispered it softly.

Wade gulped so hard he almost choked. He couldn't hide the rush of excitement.

"Ohhhh Sweet Baby Pandas on Ice! Peter sweetness my love portal is at your service, please enter at your leisure fine Sir."

Peter squeezed his eyes shut and laughed "Oh you are so cheesy!"

Wade got all up in his space and leant in to inhale Peter's sweet scent, he was ecstatic that Peter wanted to finally take things all the way and for him to want to take control made Wade even more thrilled. He grabbed Peter's face and whispered in his ear.

"Take me Peter, I am all yours."

Peter felt goosebumps rise over his whole body.

Suddenly he was overwhelmed by a raging urge. He grabbed Wade roughly and tore at his clothes, his super strength made it easy to rip the garments clean off with one snatch. Wade stood naked completely loving it, happily submitting as Peter turned him round and marched him towards the table.

"Bend over!" Peter's tone was direct and intense.

Wade obeyed him, his eyes gleaming with enjoyment, this was exactly what he wanted. Peter ordered Wade to spread his legs as he bent him over the table. He stood back and admired how sexy Wade looked. Peter left The Merc waiting in that position as he went into the bedroom to get some lube. He saw Wade's bag flung in the corner and a devious smile appeared on Peter's face as he remembered the surprising contents.

"Close your eyes!" Peter barked at Wade as he came back in the room.

He stood behind him and uncapped the lube. Wade waited for what was coming, he wanted to feel Peter so badly. The side of his face was pressed flat against the table top, his arms stretched out above his head, his back was arched and his legs were spread in such a way that his ass was poised and ready. Peter spread lube over his fingers and over a large blue sex toy he had found in Wade's bag. It was ribbed and firm and there was a vibrating option that Peter definitely intended to use. He caressed between Wade's ass cheeks with his fingers, motioning up along his entrance and Wade's whole body shook. Gently Peter pushed a lubed finger inside, even though he felt in control he wanted to get it right, he wanted to make Wade feel incredible.

His moment of doubt soon faded as he heard Wade moaning and begging him to continue. He inserted another finger and slowly moved them inside, feeling Wade's tightness. He took the vibrator in his other hand and rubbed it along the underside of Wade's balls, pushing it into the soft skin, he flicked the vibrating option on and grinned as he heard Wade yelp. He moved the toy up towards Wade's entrance and removing his fingers he pushed it inside him, it slid in with ease, the lube making it supple to handle. Wade was moaning loudly as he felt the vibrations against his prostate, bucking his hips back trying to get more inside him. Peter sank the toy deeper into Wade, watching him pushing his hips up towards Peter's own stiffness. He rubbed his erection up against the skin just below Wade's entrance and it slipped down to his aching balls. Peter liked how soft and pliable the skin of Wade's sac felt against his cock. Wade was begging Peter for more as he ploughed the toy further inside him. Seeing Wade lose his mind was arousing Peter more than he had ever felt before. He pulled the toy out and flung it away as he gripped Wade's hips and pushed himself right in.

Peter couldn't believe how good it felt. He had never made love like this before and the sensation of Wade's insides was blowing his mind. He felt warm and compact. He pulled out slightly and poured more lube over himself, the slight coldness made his breath catch. Then his strength seemed to take over, he dug into Wade's flesh and rammed himself deep inside, thrusting like mad over and over.

Wade was on another planet, his sensation so intense that it felt like he was elevated in mid air. Peter was slamming into him hard and fast and he knew that soon he would come so vigorously it would knock him out. He banged his fists on the table as it rocked back and forth with the force of Peter's movements. He could hear the wood creaking and Peter panting and cursing as he kept up the punishing pace.

"I am going to fuck you over and over until you beg me to stop!"

Wade cried out with pleasure.

"Keep going Baby Boy I can take you all day long."

Peter was amazed at his own stamina as he just kept going harder and faster, he desperately wanted to come inside Wade, but it was like his body just couldn't get enough. Wade started to shake and Peter felt his walls tighten around his cock, he knew he was right at the edge and he roared out loud as he gave one last earth moving thrust and both he and Wade erupted in unison as the table gave way and they crashed to the floor.

They lay in a heap on top of each other, panting and laughing at their shared relief and the broken table.

"I'm sorry about your table." Peter stifled his laughter as he kissed Wade's shoulders.

"Fuck the table! That was the best sex I ever had! I literally can't feel my legs anymore!"

Wade had never felt happier even if his cock was squashed beneath him and he was pretty sure he'd heard a crunch in his spine when Peter landed on top of him, that would explain the numbness in his legs. Wade couldn't care less, his healing factor would sort any damage.

"Baby Boy I can officially say I have had bone-crushingly good sex."

Peter's joy turned to alarm when he got up and realised he'd damaged Wade's back with his overexuberance.

"Oh my fucking god Wade I am so sorry. What can I do sweetheart?"

Wade grinned at Peter's concern. "Don't worry sweet stuff I can feel it healing already just give me a few minutes. I guess it's safe to say you're no longer a top-virgin, not only have you broken my back but you have blown my mind. It's a good job I have no intentions of ever leaving you because you have completely ruined me for anybody else."

Peter blushed deeply, his face the colour of a ripe tomato. Peter felt so in love with The Merc when he said he would never leave him.

"Wade I promise I'll stay with you forever, you had better be prepared to break a lot more bones!" He laughed as Wade let out a desperate groan.

*Bring it on Baby Boy! I'm ready for you!*

That night as Peter snuggled up to Wade in bed he felt so content. He could never have imagined his life would turn out this good. He desperately wanted to repay Wade for all his kindness and generosity and the way he had simply looked after Peter, never expecting anything in return. Wade had made it clear from day one that Peter owed him nothing. He was merely happy to be in his presence. He always told him if he at any point wanted to leave Wade would not be offended or hurt. He wanted Peter to know he was free, not tied to any obligation towards him in any way. Funnily enough that had made Peter want him more. He loved his devotion to him, his kindness and patience, it made Peter feel like he was genuinely loved. He also liked how since they'd discovered each other's alter-egos their interaction had become even more laid back and Wade had allowed his humour to shine through, letting some of his Deadpool wickedness come out. When Wade told him he had no intentions of ever leaving him it made Peter's heart overflow with love and he knew he was finally feeling like this was his home. Wade was his home, with him by his side he would always 'belong'. Peter felt so lucky. He reached up and kissed Wade's cheek.

"I love you."

Wade simply smiled.

*You're going to love me even more tomorrow.*

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Wade had announced to Peter that he was taking him out for a surprise at lunchtime. Peter thought he was treating him to some fancy meal or they were going on a picnic or maybe it was a boat ride, he had been hinting at that one for a while.

When he hailed them a cab and handed the driver a piece of paper telling him to take them to the address Peter's curiosity was spiked even more.

"Now Baby Boy I need you to put this round your eyes please." Wade held up a blindfold.

Peter let him cover his eyes and felt a little anxious pang in his belly. "Where are we going Wade? I really don't like wearing this thing, I feel stupid."

Wade squeezed his hand "Be patient my little spider all will be revealed soon okay. I promise you will be happily surprised."

Peter trusted Wade so he tried to stay calm.

After a short taxi ride the car came to a halt and Wade told Peter to just stay put for a few minutes and begged him to please keep the blindfold on. He heard his footsteps run off and then after a few minutes he returned out of breath and laughing. He paid the taxi and lead Peter out of the car. They walked forwards and came to some steps

"It's just four steps Sweetheart don't trip."

Peter heard the sound of a key turning in a lock and then Wade guided him inside a doorway. He felt floorboards under his feet and he instantly caught a whiff of something familiar, a smell he recognised but it was masked with a musty smell, like of a house that had been stood empty a while. Peter suddenly realised where he was. Before he could reach the blindfold Wade had already snatched it away and jubilantly cried

"Tadaaaaah!"

They were standing in Peter's old home, Uncle Ben and Aunt May's house.

Peter was dumbstruck. "Wade how? What did you do? How is this possible? I thought they sold the house to pay off the loan I owed them. How are we here? Wade this is crazy!" He shook his head, tears rolling down his face, he felt his legs go numb and he sat on the floor.

Wade got down beside him and took hold of his hand.

"Peter nothing has been officially signed yet, but all the paper work is ready, all it needs is our signatures and your home is officially yours again. I wanted you to see it first and to make sure it's what you wanted before I went ahead and got it. If I went too far then I'm sorry. When I realised that you knew me as Deadpool and you were Spider-Man I knew for sure it really was fate that lead me to find you in the alleyway that night and we would be tied together forever. I confess I looked in your journal and found your old address. I promise I didn't read anything else. Then I rang the bank and discussed things. I was lucky as the house had been up for sale but due to

needing too many repairs the buyers had pulled out and so it was available again. Good timing.....or again is it fate Baby Boy? But I need you to be honest and tell me if this is what you want because if it's not then that's fine too. I just want you to be happy Peter."

Peter was in shock. He couldn't believe Wade had done all this for him. It was too much, he couldn't accept it. He already couldn't pay him back for all the other stuff he had done for him. He had already given him a home for months and he paid for everything. Peter felt as if he had abused Wade's generosity enough.

"Wade how can I accept this? How can I let you do this for me? It's too much. How have you even got the money for this?"

Wade shrugged "Let's just say there were a lot of very rich people who needed their trash taking care of. The money doesn't really mean that much to me, as long as I can live comfortably it just sits there in the safe. I guess I was saving it for a rainy day or for in case I ever got lucky enough to find somebody to fall in love with.....and that was you Peter. So, you see I'm not just doing it for you, it's for both of us. I want this to be our home, you and me together Baby Boy."

Peter threw his arms round Wade and sobbed into his chest, he just felt so happy it was like a dream. He half expected to wake up and still be lying on the cold hard floor in the empty lock up. It was all so surreal. "Wade I will accept but only if you allow me to contribute. I will get a job and pay my way, it's important to me ok."

Wade's heart leapt in his chest at Peter's response.

Yeah sure Baby Boy but first you're going back to college.

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Once the paper work and finances were all sorted they moved out of the apartment two weeks later and on their first official night in their new home they christened every room in the house. They tried to be gentle with the furniture but on that first night Peter had driven Wade that hard into the bed that the frame had collapsed and The Merc had cracked his pelvis. Peter's guilt had only been alleviated when Wade declared him 'The official God of Sex' and made him promise to never ever stop breaking his bones.

In the weeks that followed Peter and Wade restored the old house into a beautiful cosy home, renovating the roof and painting the outside and giving the interior a complete make-over. Peter being a dab hand with a sewing machine had made some curtains and cushion covers, customising everything to their tastes. While he was working on the soft furnishings he also decided to create a new suit for himself and pieced it all together on the machine.

When he tried on the new Spidey suit for the first time he felt amazing, like it was a second skin.

Wade had pretended to faint when he saw him and then his libido had gone into overdrive.

Peter had locked himself in the bathroom to get away from Wade's.....or rather Deadpool's crazed grabbing hands. He loved Wade's reaction but there was no way he was ripping the suit.

"Peter....let me in please. I promise I won't try and tear the suit off you. I just want to hold Spider-Man in a loving embrace....I've been dreaming of this moment for years, please let me just have one hug Peter...sweetie...pumpkin...Baby Boy?" Peter laughed at Wade's desperate pleas.

"Okay, look I am warning you, be gentle Wade or I won't let Deadpool patrol with me."

He opened the bathroom door and was confronted with Wade in full Deadpool suit but without his mask. His eyes were on fire as he pushed the door open wide and stepped into the bathroom.

"So Spider-Man we meet again!"

Peter swallowed hard at the sight of Wade in his suit, it made his body look ten times more impressive. As he towered over him Peter felt his insides doing somersaults.

*Oh boy! Something tells me Deadpool is very much a 'Top' kind of guy.*

Peter tried to edge himself past Deadpool but he blocked his way.

"Leaving so soon little Spider? I thought we could play together. You've been having all the fun lately. I think it's my turn to teach you a few things, waddya say hot stuff? Wanna make some chimichangas with your friendly neighbourhood Deadpool?"

Peter inhaled deeply, he could easily throw Wade across the room but he didn't want to and he knew it wouldn't put Deadpool off for one second. Besides he felt extremely attracted to Wade in the black and red outfit and definitely liked the idea of them rubbing against each other in their suits. Peter had wanted to broach the subject of Wade taking him. He felt a desire to feel his lover inside himself, but he was anxious about it all the same.

Deadpool pushed his broad chest against Peter clasping his wrist tightly.

"I want you little Spider and I have been waiting a long time to make you mine. I've been very patient but now I'm going to take what I want and you are not going to stop me."

Deadpool's dark growling voice made Peter go completely weak. His legs turn to jelly and suddenly he'd been lifted up and slung over Deadpool's big shoulder.

The Merc carried him to the bedroom and threw him on to the bed. Peter stared up at him mildly terrified and hugely turned on all at once.

"Masks on or off Baby Boy? Personally I want to stare into your eyes when I take you!"

Peter clutched the bed sheets in mild panic. "Masks off please...I ...erm...oh god..Wade...erm.. Pool just don't be too crazy ok, remember this is my first time on the receiving end." Peter's voice was shaky.

Deadpool's eyes shone with a very seedy glare "Oh yeah Baby Boy you are all new and shiny, you're gonna be so tight! I'm gonna make it hurt so good."

Peter's mouth dropped open!

*What the fuck?*

Wade saw the look on Peter's face and he pulled him up onto his knees on the bed. He held his face in his hand and stared into his eyes.

"You are mine Baby Boy and if I want to wreck your tight little hole I will. If I want to hurt you I will! Hell, you broke my fucking pelvis last time we had sex. The least I can do is smash your cherry! Oh and I think I will put my mask on, seems a shame not to let you have the full experience." He winked salaciously at Peter and let him go.

Peter realised sex with Deadpool was something very different to sex with Wade.



*But hey I'm goddamned Spider-Man, I'm a hundred times stronger than him!*

Peter changed his demeanor and glanced up fluttering his long lashes.

"So Pool you think you can wreck Spider-Man? Well bring it on. Show me what you got Mr Big Shot Mercenary!"

Deadpool flashed a broad smile and slipped his mask over his scarred face.

"That's more like the Webs I remember, sassy little spider."

He jumped on the bed and pulled Peter on top of him. Peter straddled his big thighs, looking down at him with a seductive smile. Deadpool ran his hands along the fabric of Peter's suit groaning at how good it felt. He reached behind Peter and grabbed his ass with both hands, kneading into the muscles and moaning.

"Oh my god Spidey every time you were near me I dreamed of grabbing your tight ass and seeing how fucking special it would feel."

Peter purposely arched his back into Deadpool's touch giving The Merc optimum coverage of his rear. He rolled his hips over the growing bulge in Deadpool's crotch, his movements creating static between the suit fabrics.

"Ohhh Baby Boy we're gonna light up the whole grid, feel that sweet electricity."

Deadpool decided there had been enough playfulness, he wanted to get down to business. He pulled Peter down flat on to his chest and rolled them both over so Peter was beneath him. He was lying heavy on Peter's groin grinding into him. Peter couldn't get enough of him. He let Deadpool lift his legs up high so his knees were up on his chest and then he felt him bite his ass cheek hard ripping the fabric of the suit.

"NO! Goddammit I just made this suit! You promised you wouldn't rip it!"

Deadpool laughed in a low growly voice "No Baby Boy Wade promised you that, not me! I'm gonna fuck you through the suit, better get ready Peachy Tush."

Peter bit his lip. He was mildly freaking out now. He watched Deadpool reach for the lube beside the bed and pulled his cock out of his suit. Peter stared at his erection.

*Has it always been that big? Oh shit I think this is going to hurt.*

Deadpool saw the panic in Peter's eyes and he lifted his mask.

"Peter sweetums, it's still me, I'm not going to hurt you I promise and yes this is a promise I will keep ok."

Peter felt relieved that Wade was still in there somewhere, but now it was back to Deadpool and his leering.

"Time to reveal the cutest pinkest cherry of them all." He bit down between Peter's legs and tore a hole right by Peter's entrance.

"ShowTime! Get your dancing shoes on ladies it's time to shimmy those hips!" Peter realised resistance was pointless, he was about to be taken every which way he could be by none other than Deadpool and he wondered what his old self would have said if somebody had predicted this to

him a few years ago!

"Peter....you look so beautiful." Peter glanced down between his legs and saw Wade's face staring back.

"I took the mask off, I want to look at you properly Baby Boy."

Peter relaxed when he saw the familiar twinkle in Wade's eye and he opened his legs wider inviting his lover in. Wade ran his tongue all round Peter's ass, he planted soft wet kisses all along his inner thighs, even through the fabric of the suit he could feel the heat from Wade's breath. He poured the lube on his fingers and cock and slowly rubbed his finger round Peter's entrance, softening him up, making things wet and slick.

"Sweet Pea is this ok? Are you happy?" Peter nodded and then he felt Wade insert a finger slowly inside him. He breathed in sharply, he liked the sensation of Wade's digit moving around, it felt different but good. Then he inserted another finger and Peter felt it sting. Wade watched his expressions, he wanted to make sure Peter was okay.

"You feel amazing Baby Boy, so soft and tight, I'm gonna loosen you up with my fingers."

Peter could feel him pushing on his sweet spot and he let out a loud moan, that was a good feeling. Wade started moving a little quicker, using slow strides as he pushed inside and then retreated, feeling Peter's insides getting more relaxed. Peter was pushing his hips up towards Wade, it felt so good feeling his fingers, he wanted him so much.

"You like this Baby Boy? You want to feel more? I'm going to give you everything Sweet Cheeks."

With that he inserted a third finger and with his other hand he started stroking his cock getting it ready to enter Peter. He looked at his lover with a satisfied smile, he could see he was lost in pure pleasure. He slowly removed his fingers and Peter whined for more, then he ripped the suit further open and spread Peter's thighs wider and lifted his legs further so his ass was perfectly positioned. He looked down as his cock entered Peter, he wanted to enjoy every single second. Peter let out a loud moan. He felt it burn inside as Wade's member stretched him, but The Merc was so gentle and he took things really slowly letting Peter get used to the sensation and speaking to him in a reassuring tone to calm him.

Wade was in heaven, he could feel Peter's insides pinching around the scarred skin of his large cock, the friction was edging Wade towards orgasm far too quickly. He was trying to hang on a little longer. Peter was gasping and clutching at the bed, tears were streaming down his face.

"Sweetheart are you ok? If it hurts I can stop, tell me what you want."

Peter cried out "I need you. Don't stop, feels so good. Take me Wade."

The Merc dived further into his lover, the force of his thrusts pushing Peter up the bed. He was hanging on to the headboard as Wade's moves quickened and the sensation built up inside him. He felt a rush shoot up from his core as Wade yelled out loud and Peter felt the warm seed filling him, bringing him to his own climax as his release jolted out over his suit. Wade reached over and milked Peter's cock until it had nothing more to give then he ran a finger through the sticky cum, staring in Peter's eyes as he lifted it to his mouth and licked it clean.

Peter was quite literally fucked.

Wade very carefully detached himself and both he and his lover whimpered at the feeling of being

separated.

He lay down beside Peter and gazed into his half open eyes.

"Thank you sweet pea, it meant so much to me that you trusted me tonight. I hope Deadpool wasn't too much, I get a bit carried away. I would never have forced you or hurt you. I love you so much and I knew this was what you wanted, especially me in my suit." Wade smiled dreamily at Peter.

"How did you know? How did you know I wanted you to take me like that? How did you know I was ready?" Peter frowned at Wade because he knew damned well how he had found out. "You read my journal didn't you?!"

Wade's eyes were wide, clearly he had been caught.

"Shit! I'm sorry I didn't intend to, I just wanted the address that was written in the front, but then I saw your bookmark at the latest page and it accidentally fell open and my eyes were forced to read it. But...but Peter it made me so very happy to read all those nice things you said about me. I never thought anybody would ever talk about me like that....not looking like this."

*Phew I think I may have saved it there, best not tell him I read the whole thing.*

Peter narrowed his eyes, he knew Wade was probably lying and had read a lot more than the last page, but there was nothing in his journal that wasn't true and honest and he thought maybe it was good for Wade to know these things about him. He had no secrets from him.

*Well, apart from that secret chocolate stash under the stairs.*

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Peter and Wade continued to live blissfully together and they made their house a safe and happy home, just like it had always been when Peter was growing up there.

They started patrolling again, keeping the city safe at night.

Peter returned to college to complete his studies and other than when Peter was in class they were totally inseparable. They did everything together much to the amusement of others. They didn't care what people thought because they only had eyes for each other.

Peter went back and visited the kind people at the dry cleaners only to discover that an anonymous donation had saved them from going out of business a few months before and they could never figure out who it was from. Peter had a pretty good idea. Of course Wade denied all knowledge but he couldn't hide the sparkle in his eyes.

"They were angels for helping you Peter."

Peter bought a little frame for the picture Jacky had drawn of him, he'd kept it safe all that time in his journal. He found the artist collective in San Francisco that Jacky had told him about and he wrote them a letter telling them all about his friend and that for a short while they had given him hope in a life that hadn't ever really known any. About a week later a parcel arrived and inside was a painting of the ocean and the beach and on the back it read "This is for Jacky, may his soul be free forever. Peace!" Peter hung it in the living room so he could look at it when he sat doing his writing.

Peter would be forever grateful to Wade for finding him that night, he really did save his life.

Wade thanked his lucky stars every night that he had found his Spidey once again and how fate had brought them together. In Wade's eyes Peter would always be so special. He could never be like him, but he didn't need to be, just being with him and being loved and accepted by him was all Wade needed.

Wade looked across at Peter who was writing at the table, the sunlight caught his face through the window. Peter saw him and flashed him a killer smile, he loved Wade's face so much. He loved his soft sparkly eyes and his mischievous smile, but what he loved most about Wade was his heart. Yes, Peter knew one thing for sure.

Wade would always be his hero.

End Notes

The idea for this story came to me when I remembered how Spider-Man lost his powers in Sam Raimi's Spiderman 2. In this story Peter has PTSD and that completely blocked all his powers. I also referenced Amazing Spiderman 2 when Peter turns his back on being Spider-Man after losing Gwen.

As my Peter Parker is almost always Andrew Garfield** I was also inspired by a film called '99 Homes' where A.G. plays a guy who loses his home.

**(naturally the readers can make their own choices about who their Peter is).

Thank you again for reading X

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